The Nation.

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The Week.

The Democrats, too, have named a man for the Vice-Presidency who is scarcely known outside of his own State, and whom no one would seriously think of for the Presidency. Mr. Kern of Indiana thus stands alongside Mr. Sherman of New York as a proof of the flippant way in which Americans set about filling the second office in the government. In either case, it is not personality, but geography, that has been the decisive factor. At Denver, also, New York might have had the Vice-Presidency had she wished. Her passive attitude is partly expressive, no doubt, of the feeling that Bryan's chances in this State are desperate, but was due also, we imagine, to the tacit plan of campaign which it is pretty clear that Bryan means to adopt. This is to fling himself upon the Middle West, and let the East go. Viewed in that light, Mr. Kern's nomination is not lacking in shrewdness. The hopes of Indiana Democrats are high. They have an excellent candidate for Governor, and Republicans admit that the State is doubtful. To assign it the Vice-Presidency may be expected to quicken local pride and yield some votes. At all events, it marks out the Middle West as the scene where Bryan expects to push the fighting.

If it is really true that Mr. Taft means to follow up his pledge to publish all campaign contributions by refusing to make any promises of patronage, even in doubtful States, this is certainly to be a record-breaking campaign. "If you will carry Indiana, you can have a place in the Cabinet or a foreign mission"—it hardly seems possible that no bait of this kind will be used this year. Are not the prospects of office at home or abroad to be held out to Republican editors everywhere in return for loyal and vigorous service? What a blow to the freedom and independence of the press! Mr. Hitchcock will, we presume, not be excluded from hope of the Postmaster-Generalship if his management proves successful. The new rule will have one drawback. It will enormously increase the pressure upon the candidate, after his election, from those who are confident that solely their services resulted in saving the country from the horrors of government by the other party. Knowing full well that their herculean efforts alone prevented New York or Ohio or Illinois from knuckling under to the enemy, they will insist on due recognition for their valiant and self-sacrificing labors. But this aside, Mr. Taft seems fairly bent on putting the campaign on a higher level than heretofore. May he travel far in this direction!

The Nebraskan will have to pluck fire from heaven if he surpasses the passionate and rubescent rhetoric of the Populist nominee. In his speech of acceptance, Thomas E. Watson exhorted his party to a holy war against class legislation, engineered by the golden criminals of industry. Mr. Watson has not read and written history in vain. "Populares," or Populists, he learnedly pointed out, has the same meaning as Democrats—it is only a question whether you prefer Latin or Greek. The Populist party is no mushroom growth. History is repeating itself; Vanderbilt against Alexander, Morgan against Cæsar, Rockefeller against Rome. Once more the many are bleeding for the few; the sweat of millions buys the American heiress her European coronet. The entire feast of Lucullus would not pay for the roses of a New York banquet. The pearls and diamonds of the laboring man adorn the necks of dissolute Cleopatras. In this florid vein Mr. Watson kindled the emotions of his hearers, and then cried, "Forward, march!" Where? —"Consecrate the temple, keep pure and perpetual the vestal service." To the Holy War.

Ingratitude, thy name is Gompers! After all these years of being an honored guest at the White House, holding sweet counsel, as one President with another; after being consulted about the law and the Constitution and the courts; after being wheedled and flattered and luncheoned—to turn square about and promise the 2,000,000 votes of the American Federation of Labor to Bryan! Not having the Oyster Bay vocabulary, words fail us to characterize such a display. It is flat *lèse majesté*, rising to treason, and reaching a climax in refusing to be fooled. To add to the injury, Mr. Gompers does not even wait to learn Mr. Taft's views about labor injunctions, which the dispatches from Hot Springs have been telling us were to be of a sort to please every trades union, but coolly assumes in advance that they will be unsatisfactory. Thus does Labor, warmed in the bosom of the Square Deal, sink its fangs into its benefactor. The result must be to give the President a much lower view of the labor vote, which he has striven so sedulously to annex. He may even be able to come over to the saner opinion that the larger part of that vote would be Democratic anyhow, and that the portion which Gompers can "deliver" will be, judged by past performances, pitifully small.

Of what use is it for Democrats or Republicans to urge that a Federal license be granted to corporations doing an interstate business? The submission of our Trusts and monster companies to Federal authority is complete; and, if we may believe the dispatches, there is daily evidence of the way the President's master mind exercises its sway over the once insolent and defiant but now cringing captains of industry. Here, for instance, is the news that the millionaires behind the new $300,000,000 Lumber Trust obtained permission of the President before organizing their company, just as Mr. Morgan and his associates did not absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company until assured by headquarters that in doing so they would not only not be prosecuted for restraint of trade, but receive the gracious blessing of the White House. According to the report, the new Trust is to be a tame one, to eat out of the government's hand. It then continues:

> When the subject was first broached the President declared it was against the law, but when it was explained to him that the idea was to make it as beneficial to the government as to the promoters, he said any agreement arranged between Gifford Pinchot, the government forester, and Herbert Knox Smith, the commissioner of corporations, would be satisfactory to him.

This is the testimony of W. B. Stillwell, who is to be in the Trust. He says, also, that he was given a copy of the agreement between Messrs. Pinchot and Smith, by which the new concern promises to leave a certain number of trees standing on each acre. This, we presume, is not the only concession.

Is it possible for Mr. Roosevelt to be misinformed? Yes, says young Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, who calls the President's recent criticism of socialistic theory "monstrously unjust." And, on the whole, Mr. Stokes has made his point. Mr. Roosevelt ought to know that the modern Socialist takes pride in the immense distance that separates him from the early Utopians, whose creed was chiefly sentiment. Up-to-date Socialism is cold-blooded, matter-of-fact, scientific, vigorous, and harder on the wastrel and the criminal than the sharpest of present penal codes. Hence, when the President declared that under Socialism the idle and the vicious will give as little as they please and take as much as they desire, he is doing injustice to a social theory which aims to become the most efficient police system the world has ever known, as implacable in its vengeance on the social sloth

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as an ideal Interstate Commerce Commission would be on the rowdy rebater. It is unfair to charge Socialism with crushing the individual and pampering him, at the same time; of the two charges the resolute Socialist would now much sooner plead guilty to the first than the second, adding the proviso that it would all be done for the good of the commonwealth. That is a position which Mr. Roosevelt should understand, even if he cannot accept.

If a steadfast heart and a cheerful mind are needed anywhere, they are needed by the man who believes in Spanish-American peace and progress. We are only a few months removed from the Pan-American love feast at Washington, and the dedication of Mr. Carnegie's peace temple, and already over the greater part of tropical America disorder is rampant or straining at its leash. Violence has broken out in supposedly immune Mexico. War rages in Paraguay. War is imminent in Central America. Columbia and Venezuela growl at each other. There is discontent at Montevideo; and Brazil is reported dreaming dreams of a great fleet, not because she wants war, but because she feels that she is entitled "to a natural frontier on the south," which means gobbling up Uruguay, if Argentina will let her. This is the situation as the pessimist views it. To his cheerful brother, it is only open to contend that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, progress there is. Outside of Venezuela foreign opinion seems to count more than it has done up till now, in restraining violence, and with time it is sure to count still more. When the Panama Canal comes, peace will be enforced on the Caribbean by every maritime nation in the world. It may be that the South American patriot, foreseeing some such final condition, is only making trouble while the sun shines.

On July 1, the Linnean Society held in London a special meeting in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the epoch-making paper submitted to it on July 1, 1858. This was the joint production of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, "On the tendency of species to form varieties, and on the perpetuation of varieties and species by natural means of selection." How far that little candle has cast its beams! There has been an enormous deal of profitless discussion over the question of priority of discovery, between Darwin and Wallace. The two investigators themselves always had a perfect understanding. Scientific jealousy was not an element in either's clay. And it was a remarkable feature of the celebration in London that Wallace himself should have been able to be present, with another still older friend and co-worker of Darwin's, Sir Joseph Hooker; both to give the occasion note and to place the facts forever beyond dispute. Dr. Wallace stated that it was true that the idea of natural selection and of the survival of the fittest had occurred to him and to Darwin independently; but he added that it occurred to Darwin "nearly twenty years earlier than to himself," and that during the whole of that time Darwin "had been laboriously collecting evidence and carrying out ingenious experiments and original observations."

Darwin's chief doctrine has remained unassailable and fruitful for all these fifty years. It is hard to imagine any single biological discovery being made to-day which could so profoundly modify men's ways of thinking, not only about science, but about theology, about society, about statesmanship. And it is impossible to think of a lonely scientist doing to-day what he accomplished in his Kentish home. Communication of scientific news is much too rapid now, and the advantages of having a thousand investigators all the while checking off one another's results are too great, to permit the student to work for years in unaided isolation. Letting his fellows know early what he is driving at is a sure way of saving his time and preventing him from falling into blunders. The multiplication of societies, the publication of a flood of papers and monographs, have made the task of the scholar in some respects easier, in others harder. He has to struggle to keep his head above the whelming material. He is forced to specialize. He knows that if he waits long he will be anticipated. Yet he has a sense of vast cooperation and a stimulus which must be more real and quickening than anything that came to the mighty but solitary students of an older day.

Dr. John E. White of Atlanta is the latest Southerner to tell the truth about the vicious leasing of convicts. The present system, he said in a recent sermon, is not so bad as that which existed from 1865 to 1899, when convicts were sold "as one would sell cattle," not only by the State, but by purchaser after purchaser. But if this has been ended forever, its evil spirit, as Mr. White points out, is inherent in the existing methods. From 1865 to 1899 the State got $7.50 a head a year for its convicts. Now it gets $136, but the lessee retails them as high as $570 a year, a percentage of profit that "would make Shylock sweat with shame." As a result of the better bargaining, the State makes $200,000 a year profit out of its convicts, and this revenue is the greatest obstacle to a reform. People do not want the State to lose that income. Here, truly says Mr. White, is a real evil of this policy—"the State has been trained to regard the convict as an asset, not as a liability; as a good fortune rather than a burden; crime has been constituted a necessary source of revenue." The increase of law-breakers, he adds, if regretted to-day, is ignored to-morrow when the dollars come rolling in. For remedy he mentions two proposed plans. One would confine the criminals in stockades and utilize their labor in building macadam roads; the other would put them to work on model State farms under the supervision of the State Department of Agriculture. Of the two, the latter is the better. Nothing kills a man's self-respect so quickly as to appear in public wearing the livery of crime, with shackles on his legs and men armed with rifles standing over him, as if he were a wild animal. On the other hand, the sight of the convicts in the streets is demoralizing to every one. Hence we feel that this change would be only a single step forward when there are many to be taken.

Lowell was admittedly a man of quick wit, yet he remarked to a friend in a London drawing-room: "I've often regretted that the best things I've ever said were addressed to the back of my coachman on the drive home." The brightest of us are in the same box with Mr. Lowell. Our most brilliant speeches, our most effective witticisms come into our minds only after the event which should have called them forth. Few possess the quickness of thought and action characteristic of the costermonger's wife who exclaimed: "She said I wasn't a loidy, she did, and the next minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter." Most of us require time; we are clever enough, brilliant enough, only it is always too late for us to convince others of these traits. Yet you must pot your epigram on the wing or your shot is no better than a blank cartridge. Since these things are sadly so, we can understand why it has been proposed in England to establish a course of conversation in our schools and colleges. Instead of wasting hours on mental arithmetic, time should be devoted to the cultivation of lightning-flash answers. Those gems of wit and jewels of insight with which our minds are scintillating, as we discover at our leisure, should be so placed as immediately to reflect the slightest gleam from any other mind. The advantage to our dinner parties would be incalculable. Monkeys and music would cease to be necessary. Professors to teach this new course might be difficult to find; we would suggest Augustus Thomas as eminently fitted to conduct such a class at Yale or Harvard, and perhaps Bernard Shaw might be induced to give a series of lectures on the subject. The fear that such training

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might reduce every one to the same high level of brilliancy ought not to be a deterrent. It will be better to have your friends appear as clever as yourself rather than as stupid.

Prof. William James points out in the *Hibbert Journal* for July a path over which religious feet have walked for centuries: "Sincerely to give up one's conceit of being good is the only door to the universe's deeper reaches." There are within us, below the thick strata of weakness and pessimism and unbelief on which our daily life rests, deep wells of power and goodness to which the divining rod of reason will never dip. Specific religious experiences, which the psychologist cannot connect with any other, "point," says Professor James, "with reasonable probability to the continuity of our consciousness with a wider spiritual environment from which the ordinary man is shut off." This is a hopeful message. Break down the barriers around the stagnant pool of your own personality, and let the tide of the world's strength in. It is pleasant to find that Mr. Bryan is at one with the latest philosophical thought in his faith in the over-soul. Mr. Hearst, he says, is a man who has within recent years given up his conceit of being good, and has let the great, wholesome will of the people take possession of his entire nature. His feeble arms now strike with multiplied vigor drawn from his share in national aspirations. His "strength, like the strength of others who are strong with the masses, is due to the strength of the reforms to which he has attached himself." Here, surely, is hope for us all. And is it not touching at this hour when Mr. Bryan must have so many other things to think of, to see the nobility that is in him rising spontaneously to meet the nobility that is in Mr. Hearst?

A résumé of Dr. Stanley Hall's views regarding the evil effect on American life of feminine supremacy in school was printed the other day by the Berlin *Tageblatt*. It added, however, that while this warning might be needful in the United States, the women in Germany had not made sufficient progress to alarm any one. This is still more the case in Russia, where it seems as if the gains made were to be lost. The Minister of Education has sent a circular to the heads of the universities making the suggestion that access to lectures should be made more difficult, and adding, specifically: "Women must under no circumstances be admitted to the list of free auditors." If this is strictly carried out, women students will once more betake themselves to the Swiss universities. It was to arrest this movement that the influence of the court was used, in 1872, to establish high schools for women. It was not, however, till 1901 that the universities were opened to the women by removal of the clause that "men and women must not study together in the same halls." The language courses were thus opened to women with a view to securing teachers for the lower schools. Within the last three years the other faculties were made accessible to women students, at least as "free auditors." The recall of this privilege will leave open only the regular courses, and these are mostly overcrowded; as for medical courses for women, the announcement has already been made that no further applications can be considered.

Mr. Keir Hardie's resentment at not being invited to King Edward's garden party reveals a state of mind akin to that of Mr. Holloran, who met Mrs. O'Flaherty on the stairs, and said: "Good morning, Mrs. O'Flaherty, an' how are you to-day? Not that I care a hang, but just to make conversation." Mr. Hardie doesn't care a rap about royal garden parties; if he had been asked and had decided to go, he would have put on a "bowler," a red tie, and yellow shoes. But it makes good political conversation to turn the slight directed against Mr. Hardie and two of his fellow-members in the House of Commons into a Constitutional issue. England's King, because of the unwritten law which imposes on him absolute neutrality in his attitude towards Parliamentary parties, presents a peculiar embodiment of powers severely limited, united with prerogatives generously broad. He may play an active part in the formation of foreign *ententes*, but dare not exercise the slightest interference with the course of domestic politics. He may visit President Fallières and Nicholas II. whenever he pleases, and invite them to call in return; but he is not at liberty to decide who shall not come to his garden parties. In the present instance the apparent defence is that the King's objection to Mr. Hardie must have been personal, since the bulk of the Socialist members in the House of Commons were invited, and came. But it is undoubtedly a case of personal antipathy based in part on politics. For Mr. Hardie has but just returned from a journey to India and South Africa, where his speeches have been of a nature that the head of the British Empire might be excused for regarding as incendiary.

If things keep on with our Ambassador to Germany as they have been going these last few months, every future newly accredited diplomat to a foreign court will be wishing that the monarch might begin by calling him a liar, or at the least that the Minister for Foreign Affairs run over him in an automobile. For to Dr. Hill, in recompense for the slight unpleasantness that attended his appointment to Berlin, have come honors and amends in profusion. The Kaiser has received him with particular *empressement*. Society has followed suit. And now, undoubtedly at the royal wink, comes literature. *Persönlichkeiten*, a serial of biography published at Berlin, which in its twenty-one previous issues has treated of such eminent personalities as Von Bülow, Clemenceau, Tolstoy, and the Emperor of Austria, devotes its twenty-second number to "David Jayne Hill und die amerikanische Diplomatie." Dr. Hill's predecessor in the twenty-first number was Kaiser Wilhelm. From some thirty-six pages of eulogy we pick out here and there the facts that America recently passed "from the roughhewn *ex-improviso*-diplomat to the *Typus* Hill"; that "in grandeur of conception and breadth of historical outlook no work hitherto published in England or America can compare with Hill's 'History of European Diplomacy'"; and that "in David Jayne Hill's life philosophy (*Weltauffassung*), the principle of justice and equity lies uppermost."

The third Russian Duma closed its sessions on Saturday, prorogued and not dissolved. There was no reason why it should encounter any untoward fate. It met in November, 1907, a "Duma of landlords," chosen by a small minority of the nation, after the electoral law had been mercilessly mauled in defiance of the fundamental laws of the Empire. It has remained throughout a loyal assembly, slow to take offence from throne or bureaucracy, quick to appreciate the slightest ministerial favor, pacific because its majority is non-progressive and its minority has decided to submit to everything for the sake of keeping alive the merest spark of Constitutionalism. The Duma's activity has been concerned almost entirely with the budget. Its last important act was to sanction the raising of $1,250,000,000 in revenue. The business of expending that huge income may be safely left to the present régime. Of the real measures of reform that the Empire calls for, none has reached the stage of consideration by the Duma. Huge committees continuously labor and digest whatever material it pleases the government to supply them with; but agrarian reconstruction in accordance with Premier Stolypin's policy of breaking up the peasant communes is being carried on—by Stolypin. Even in Russia, of course, corruption may grow so rank as to enable men to speak and not be punished. Therefore the Duma has raised its voice now and then against anarchy in the Navy Department, and has actually been bold enough to decline voting the naval budget. On such meagre diet must hope of a liberal Russia feed for some time to come.

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MR. TAFT BEGINS WELL.

In selecting his Chairman and Treasurer of the National Committee, Mr. Taft's long experience as a conciliator and shrewd manager has stood him in good stead. Not for nothing has he dealt with rhetorical Filipinos, the quarrelling Cubans, and the frogs in Panama striving to puff themselves into oxen. Factional Ohio politicians and offish Republican little great men were easy, after the others. And if anybody supposed that there was no clear judgment and force of will embedded in the Secretary's large good nature, last week's decisions at Hot Springs should correct the mistake. The Democrats may as well make up their minds to the fact that they have in Mr. Taft a formidable opponent. Certainly he begins his campaign as one having a just sense of the problems before him, and a firm resolution backing up his sagacity.

His announcement that there is to be complete publicity in regard to political contributions and expenses—everything to be down in black and white—is a master-stroke peculiarly well timed. The Democrats at Denver were preparing to make great play with the refusal of the Republican Convention to declare for publishing campaign accounts. The defeat of the McCall bill in Congress, too, was to furnish them with ominous proof that the Republicans were intending to raise a vast and secret corruption fund. But Mr. Taft has spiked that gun. Whatever his party leaders may have desired, or may have feared, he is for letting the public understand all about the finances of the campaign. But for this, his choice of Mr. Sheldon as Treasurer would have invited damaging attack. It would have been said that he had selected a Wall Street man, who was to combine wheedling with terrorism in order to extract money from corporate interests. Such charges would have seemed absurd to those who know Mr. Sheldon, but they would have had a certain sting unless Mr. Taft had drawn it by stating that the New York law compelling political treasurers to keep and publish full accounts would be followed by Mr. Sheldon, just as it was when he was Treasurer for Mr. Hughes in 1906. Thus at one step we have advanced to this great political reform, and, for the first time, the people will know what it costs to elect a President. Resolutions calling for this publicity have amounted to nothing, and laws to compel it have failed, but the action of Mr. Taft has inaugurated a political custom which is almost certain to become established from this day forth. That is the way we do things in America. We agitate, we cry aloud, we fumble and flounder, and nothing seems to be accomplished. But suddenly, sentiment crystallizes into deed, and deed becomes habit.

As for Mr. Bryan, he was first represented as waiting to "see what the Republicans will do." He noted that they are for publicity "after the election." In order to do better than that, he has induced the Democratic Committee to pledge itself to publicity before the election and all the way through. On October 15, a full account of all contributions above $100 is to be published, and thereafter all sums given up to the day of election. This insures a healthy competition between the parties. On this subject, Mr. Bryan is on the right track. And if Mr. Sheldon is correctly reported as saying that he should openly ask contributions from corporations, some one ought to call his attention to the "act to prohibit corporations from making money contributions in connection with political elections" which was passed by Congress and became law on January 26, 1907.

Mr. Hitchcock, as the manager of Mr. Taft's canvass for the nomination, fairly won his spurs; and his selection as Chairman makes sure a painstakingly minute and cool and dexterous management of the Presidential campaign. In the larger questions where general policy and personal tact enter, the candidate himself will, of course, have the final word; but for grasp of detail and a perfect gluttony for work, Mr. Hitchcock has shown himself unexcelled. Republican talent for political management is surely going to be needed this year, with the situation so complex and confused; but the party's reputation that way has long been great, and it is apparently drawing upon its best supplies. Mr. Taft has begun well; and whatever the result of the campaign, the whole country is in his debt for having freed the raising of money for political purposes from the scandals which went on with the consent of McKinley in 1896 and the active coöperation of Roosevelt in 1904.

WEAKER AGAINST BRYAN.

It is a sound piece of advice a French statesman gave when he said that we ought to take political events seriously, but not tragically. In that spirit, Bryan's third nomination should be received. It is, in any aspect, a momentous thing. No discounting of the occurrence in advance can blind thoughtful men to its significance and its gravity. That this man and what he stands for should have so permeated, so drenched, the Democratic party as to make all opposition futile is not a fact to be lightly dismissed. It testifies to pervasive political conditions which it would be folly to ignore. Bryan is not to be disposed of by calling him a charlatan and adventurer. He has not lifted himself by his own bootstraps. He has been borne aloft by a great wave of discontent and desire for radical changes, which has swept over large parts of the country. That is the serious thing. No one can look through Bryan to the political forces which have made him what he is, and not have some troubled moments. Yet it is no time for treating the matter *au tragique*. The part of sober citizens is to look about them and see what resources they may count upon in resisting the attempt to turn the government over to a flighty and unstable agitator.

No intelligent survey of the nation's defences against Bryanism can blink the truth that they have been greatly weakened during the past four years. It is not possible to-day to rally the conservative forces of the country in opposition to Bryan so splendidly as in 1896. Everybody knows the reason why. You cannot revile a man whom you have imitated. A party that has appropriated Bryan's ideas cannot, with good effect, attack his person. At the very beginning of the Republican campaign, it is the part whether of frankness or sound generalship, to admit that power of resistance to Bryan has been much broken by four years of yielding to him. President Roosevelt's avowed and deliberate purpose has been to head off Bryan by stealing his issues. The argument, or threat, which he has constantly used, has been: "If you do not go half way with me, you will have to go the whole way with Bryan." Well, we see now what comes of the plan of fighting a dangerous enemy by surrendering to him. The Bryan who was to be extinguished is exalted higher than ever.

Attempt the comparison between 1896 and 1908, anywhere along the line, and see where you come out. In the former year, Bryan was opposed as being impulsive and voluble, a man who lived upon sensation and would rule by clamor, an agitator who would stir the masses to frenzy by declaiming about the rich and mouthing against corporations. With what face can any Republican repeat those charges this year, after what the leader of his own party has been doing for four years past, amid vast popular acclaim? Turning from personalities to doctrines, we shall similarly find Republican arraignment of Bryan halted by the public memory of what the Republicans themselves have done or attempted. In 1896, Bryan was fought vigorously as one who would lay a rude hand upon the courts. The Bryan platform this year goes much further in that matter than it did twelve years ago. Its ambiguous phrases thinly cloak the purpose to impair the usefulness and validity of the writ of injunction, and to legalize the boycott. But what Republican mouth will not be closed on that subject? There is not a penny's worth to choose between the two platforms, in that particular; while President Roosevelt's utterances and wishes in regard to injunctions as brought to-

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gether in Congressman Littlefield's cruel review of them, go so far as to give away the whole case against Bryan's attitude towards the courts.

Republicans are loath to admit these things to-day, but if Bryan were to beat Taft in the election, they would not only admit but assert them. They would say that the triumph of Bryan radicalism had been brought about by Roosevelt radicalism. They would point out how long the President hesitated over the true policy to follow; how he for a time took up the reform of the tariff, but when he found that unpopular, began to appeal to class feeling, to rouse the slumbering passions of the have-nots against the haves, to strike at great wealth in order to win great applause, with the net result of provoking a demand for extreme measures which neither he nor his party could satisfy, and which inured to the benefit of Bryan. If these things would be true after the election, they are true to-day.

It is necessary for all who regard, as we do, the election of Mr. Bryan as highly undesirable, to look all the facts in the face, and act upon the situation as it exists, not as we might like to have it. The campaign will be difficult. It is absurd to talk of a walk-over for Taft. He himself makes no secret of his belief that Bryan's chances of election are better than they have ever been before. The Republicans will know that they have been fighting, before the battle is over. They cannot bring out their old bogeys. The country is not going to be frightened into rejecting Bryan; it may be persuaded. To the task of persuasion, Mr. Taft and his supporters must devote themselves. They cannot hope to outbid Bryan in radicalism: stakes in that coinage he is always ready to double. The real hope must be to conduct a campaign in the interest of quiet and stable government; to meet outcry with reason; so to contrast an experienced and steady candidate with one who is constitutionally erratic, as to convince the voters that the country is safer in the hands of the former.

SOCIAL DISSIPATION IN COLLEGE.

Among the things brought to the attention of the Princeton authorities at the last commencement was the increasing social pressure upon students. It is regarded by thoughtful graduates as almost a greater menace than the glorification of athletics. At Yale, too, the faculty has set about curtailing the "week-end" privileges, which usually mean social dissipation, if no other kind. Elsewhere there are discernible qualms of the academic conscience on this subject. On many a campus last month the voice of the "old grad." was lifted up in complaint that "the former days were better than these."

What impresses the returning alumnus, after a quarter-century's hard work in his business or profession, is to find young Magnus Chartus of the graduating class with four automobiles at his beck and call in front of a mausoleum-like looking structure which his proud but startled father is told is a students' clubhouse. He knows, in a general way, that the standard of living expenses has risen since his own college days, but he is rather staggered at this concrete exemplification of the fact. Like the poet, he passes beside "the reverend walls" in which of old he wore the gown, and, like the poet, he feels

> The same, but not the same—

but for very different reasons. The analysis of the change in social conditions of undergraduate life interests him more deeply than athletic triumphs or academic architecture.

The truth of the matter is that there has been a progressive secular invasion of what ought to be the sacred leisure of the college student. By leisure, of course, we do not mean idleness, an otiose academic existence tempered by mere bookishness, but a period kept measurably free from the distractions of business and the exactions of what is termed polite society. If young collegians from eighteen to twenty-two do not find in college a chance for a serious, unbiassed scrutiny of letters or philosophy or history or science, in nine cases out of ten they will never again get the opportunity; and, so far as the real purpose of university life is concerned, they might better waste their time and their fathers' money at home. Bitter experience of the present generation of college life goes far to justify what we were rashly inclined to regard as the amiable or picturesque crochets of early educators. It was not without a substantial reason that colleges originally took on the semi-monastic mode of life, with a common garb, a common meal, and a communal life. It segregated the scholar from the world during his scholastic apprenticeship, and reduced distinctions to a minimum within the cloister. It may seem a far call from the mediæval college to our military academy at West Point, but the scheme of social organization is not dissimilar. The uniform donned at entrance amalgamates into a common body the farmer's son and the financier's heir. The mess table and the barracks life do not reduce the cadets to a dead level, but make for the emergence of real, not fictitious, merit. The unquestioned efficiency of West Point as an educational machine is in large part traceable to a modern adherence to tried educational methods of the past, and to an enforced exclusion of parasitic interests that infest our colleges and universities.

From whatever angle viewed, the social constitution of college life in our older and wealthier colleges betrays just the defects that naturally spring from the intrusion of alien interests into what ought to be the sanctuary of learning and true culture. The so-called decay of college democracy, the lamented inversion of the ambitions and interests and activities of the college student, the coagulation of the wealthy students into particular dormitories—all these and other disquieting symptoms reflect the secular desecration of what used to be called the academic shade.

It is scant consolation to be told that this decadence is but the necessary reflex of a wealthy civilization upon institutions of learning. The fact that wealth singles out the colleges and universities as a place of residence for its sons is an admission that it covets the distinction which academic association conveys. If the colleges were to be actuated by no other motive than self-preservation, they must see that a challenge of luxury and a resolute return to some of the Spartan virtues of the simple life are their only means, in the long run, of preserving their influence either with the general public or with their own students.

THE QUESTION OF FREIGHT RATES.

It is evident that the railways are seriously proposing to increase freight charges 10 per cent. This is at least true of the roads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac. Interviews and letters by their presidents and other officers make the intention clear. And the Interstate Commerce Commission has been sounded at Washington, and declares that it has no right or power to forbid such an advance in the rates on freight. Shippers may contest the new charges, after they are made, and possibly the Commission will hold some of them unreasonable, but the railways have a free hand, to begin with. It is plain, too, that they count upon acquiescence, if not a tacit encouragement, by the Administration. Put forward as a plan to prevent the reduction of wages, it could not but appeal to President Roosevelt, with a difficult campaign on his hands, and the labor vote escaping in droves from his corral. Moreover, the Democrats would find it hard to contest a scheme ostensibly to avoid cutting down wages. Hence it would appear that the railroad managers think the time auspicious to do some skilful and profitable fishing in troubled political waters.

The project seems to us vicious and indefensible on every ground. Financially, it proceeds upon the theory that the cure for extravagance is more extravagance; from the business point of view, it assumes that when your services are not in demand, it is the very time to charge more for them; while in the matter of public policy, it would be

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one more load piled upon the consumer, with the labor unions standing as a privileged class and not lifting with one of their fingers the general burden.

The immediate need of the railways, no railway man could with a straight face argue that the marking up of freight rates would meet. That need is more business. Idle cars still total nearly 300,000. Freight is not coming forward. Business has to be hunted up, instead of being freely offered. Earnings, both gross and net, keep on sagging. The great demand, therefore, is to get more freight to move. But this plan of a 10 per cent. advance in rates is one to stimulate already reluctant and timid shippers by making their freight bills greater! This is veritable Sibylline Books finance—the less you have to give, the more you will get.

Ah, says the vice-president of the New York Central, but you forget how much more money the railways would spend, if they could only enlarge their revenues. They would begin buying right and left, and prosperity would be back before we knew it. Mr. Brown states this so gravely in his letter to the protesting Manufacturers' Association that we must quote his exact words:

> If the railroads could resume the purchase of equipment and material and the great and vitally necessary work of improving their facilities the present depression would, in my opinion, vanish in a day, and the reëmployment of the hundreds of thousands of idle workmen would, by their purchasing power, start running to their capacity thousands of idle manufacturing plants all over the land. I believe these results would very speedily follow the taking effect of the suggested increase in freight rates.

This is on a par with the intimation from Washington that the President is driving the departments night and day into making contracts and purchasing supplies so as to spend several hundred millions as speedily as possible. That plan of waste and extravagance, too, is to "end the depression." In other words, the Administration sympathizes with the professed view of the railways that it is possible to "make work" where none exists, and to do it by putting out a lot of money. Yes, but whose money? In the case of the government, of course, that of the taxpayers. Already overburdened and forced to economize in every way, they are to be made to divert still larger sums from their own business, in order that their wiser rulers may create business. Similarly, the consuming public is to be made to pay more for railway freights, in order that the railways, by laying out a part of the money, may make everybody prosperous. This is the political economy of bedlam.

The defenders of the scheme pathetically labor the point that the tax per capita would be so exceedingly small. Mr. Brown figures it out that the purchaser of a refrigerator would have to pay only about 7½ cents more for it; the buyer of a range no more than a cent or two a year for its natural life. Are consumers so unpatriotic that they will refuse to give up a few cents in order to start the wheels of industry? We notice, however, that Mr. Brown does not venture to put this question to railway employees. He shows that their wages have advanced, and are now very high. Why not ask *them* to surrender the few pennies which, from the consumer, would put the railways in funds and restore general prosperity? The reason is that the employees would strike. But the consumer never strikes. He is there only to be struck. When you can throw back the cost of a measure of spoliation, whether governmental or corporate, upon "the whole community," then you may feel safe. Individuals will fight; classes will protest; but the whole community is so patient a beast of burden as to make the uncomplaining ass look restive.

The objections to the increase of freight charges are so numerous and weighty that we can scarcely believe the avowed purpose to be the real one. These astute railway men must have some other objective than the one they name. They cannot really expect to cure the evils of high prices by higher prices. It would seem, rather, that they are looking far ahead: taking advantage of the political exigencies, just as the Steel Corporation did in securing the President's assent to absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, they would establish, in adversity, their claim to higher pay for their services at a rate which, in good times, would put vast sums at their disposal, for dividends and for speculation.

LITERATURE AND CRIME.

The recent publication of M. Seghele's book, "Littérature et Criminalité," has reopened in France the discussion of the relation of crime to literature. The French have often singed their wings in this flame. Every one feels that the printed word may be a source of corruption; is certain that the public should assume some responsibility in checking the evil; but no one has devised any practicable means of attack. Official purity, it is generally agreed, is too often official prudery which condemns the just and the unjust alike. Fifty years ago Flaubert underwent arraignment on the score of "Madame Bovary." His advocate, M. Sénard, maintained that the defendant was a man of severe and august character, actuated by the highest artistic purposes. Only the other day, when M. Georges Lecomte was protesting before the Société des Gens de Lettres against the indecency of contemporary literature, he declared that, had he been present at that celebrated trial, he would have done homage not only to the conscience of the artist, but also to the nobility of the book.

The type of literature which is most cried out upon in this country is perhaps the least dangerous—that dealing frankly with arson, highway robbery, adultery, and murder. It may suggest the means, but—excepting boy brigands, inspired by the Penny Dreadful—seldom the motive of wrongdoing. It takes root only in minds already fertile in evil impulses. The letter accompanying the fatal gift of poisoned ale in Philadelphia ironically requested that the brew be recommended to the victim's family. There was in this something suggestive of the cold-blooded facetiousness of the Borgias. Life puzzles the observer with a specious mimicry of literature. In New Rochelle an Italian trapped his unfaithful wife. Drawing his stiletto, he ran her through the neck and then stabbed the lover, who fell dead beside her. As if more completely to mimic a scene in the theatre, innocent children were playing in the adjoining room. Yet one cannot think that this fruit-peddler's mind had been debauched by D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." A more plausible case is that of the young man who drank poison and died to waltz music in a public theatre, after the fashion of the heroes of Ford and Massinger. This instinct for the dramatic among criminals appears rather to be fed than stimulated by literature. M. Claretie cites in the *Temps* the celebrated case of Charles Lemaire, who killed his prospective step-mother on the eve of her marriage. Showing his hands red with blood, he exclaimed in Shakespearean phrase, "Fine gloves for my father's wedding!"

In so far as literature presents crime as crime, it is comparatively innocuous; it becomes dangerous when it presents crime as duty, as self-realization, as experience, or as æsthetic gratification. In a letter published in the *Public* of June 26, the writer reviles the Chicago authorities for their treatment of Emma Goldman. In her lectures at Portland, Ore., he says, that excellent woman spoke on the revolutionary spirit of modern drama, "dealing in a very sympathetic and intellectual manner with Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, and Sudermann. You might as well send police to the meetings of the trustees of the Chicago University." The Chicago authorities, however, recognized Emma Goldman as a perilous link between these dramatists and the bomb-throwers. They have become distrustful of the so-called "peaceable anarchy." They have learned that a certain kind of literature begets dynamite, and they are not ashamed of panic when a fanatic, educated to a sense of his duty, rushes out bomb in hand, burning for martyrdom.

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The literature which exalts self-realization as an ultimate end is older than the German storm and stress period, and as young as the latest novel of the Jack London school. It appeals powerfully to the masculine spirit endowed with a rich animal nature. It furnishes a religion to the religiously emancipated, and a sanction to the strong man with vividly surviving instincts of the barbarian. Under the guidance of the German madman whom so many innocents have taken for a god, it would bring back nature red in tooth and claw. It teaches—to use Tolstoy's words in summarizing a philosophical work published a few years ago in Chicago—that "all laws, commandments, or doctrines as to not doing to another what you do not wish done to you, have no inherent authority whatever, but receive authority from the club, the gallows, and the sword. A man truly free is under no obligation to obey any injunction, human or divine." It is the creed of the lions of the Renaissance, the creed of Napoleon, the creed of red anarchy, and the creed of many of the great business men of America.

A somewhat different criminal motive is that furnished by the type of literature which presents experience as an end in itself. The man whose aim is self-realization attempts to crush all else into his own personality; the man whose aim is experience attempts to crush his personality into all else. Not quality is desired, but variety, intensity, and strangeness. The hero of experience leads a fundamentally histrionic life; his success he measures by the number of rôles he has played. He lays his past aside like a garment. He gives no pledges to the future. He lives in the present moment, like the epicurean; but, unlike Epicurus, he delights as much in the sty as in the wreathed roses. Sin and terror allure his imagination. He is a vivisectionist, physical and spiritual, for the quaint excitement of anguish. A good illustration of this instinct in its most morbid form was furnished by the instructor at Cambridge, Mass., who two years ago gave his wife arsenic, hoping, since he loved her, to see her soul depart from the body in the moment of death. He had been preparing a thesis on insanity in German literature.

The literature which makes æsthetic gratification the end of existence defeats its own end. Pursued as an ultimate goal, it leads sooner or later into quagmires. The æsthete wanders from home in the quest of new and strange beauties. His truant feet stray from the classic to the romantic, and thence to the grotesque; from the moral to the unconventional, and thence to the illicit; from the sound to the unsound, and thence to the insane; from the chaste to the unchaste, and thence to the indecent. Yet the price of illicit æsthetic pleasure is the loss of all æsthetic pleasure. The unhappy man, as M. Lecomte says, who little by little allows himself to be soiled with all that filth, becomes finally insensible to a vigorous thought, an expressive portrait, or the proud wing of poetry. Dulled and stupefied by the contemplation of obscene images, he is incapable of feeling true beauty, of understanding, for example, the look and smile of La Gioconda or the harmonious and living majesty of the Victory of Samothrace.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

There is not a great deal that is new in Mr. Knight's "Letters of the Wordsworth Family,"* and the editing can only be described as chaotic, yet we may be thankful to have the correspondence of the poet and his household brought together in any form. Perhaps the nearest approach to a discovery is the clearer figure of Coleridge seen in the communications to and about him—a dethroned deity of the upper air, not commanding the winds, but tossed hither and thither by every breath of the heavens. As for the letters of Wordsworth himself, their character is already known. They are not precisely entertaining, but read thus together and in this companionship they impress one the more by the hard dry light of the intellect they display. When prejudice was aroused or his moral sense outraged he could indeed be amazingly perverse. It would not be easy to find a word more wantonly inappropriate for Byron than "dunce"; nor is "the damnable tendency" of such works as "Don Juan" likely to be diminished by branding "the despicable quality of the powers requisite for their production." Wordsworth might have learned from that poet's satire on himself—

> Who, both by precept and example, shows
> That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
> etc.—

how much more effective it is to exaggerate the virtuous weaknesses of an enemy than to belittle his vicious strength. But these errors of judgment are not common. In general, his critical remarks turn on a dogged determination to bend language to the minute exigencies of thought and emotion, and show how from this passionate integrity of mind, rather than from any peculiar sensitiveness to beauty, he also learned "that poetry is infinitely more of an art than the world is disposed to believe." And when, in the intercourse with a sympathetic friend, he speaks of his intimate ambition, there is something in his unflinching self-assertion and clear vision that rises almost into Milton's sublimity of egotism.

On lower ground these Letters may be considered, and so I would consider them here, as a fresh chapter in that mass of writings—the Fenwick Notes, Dorothy's "Journals," De Quincey's "Reminiscences," first of all—that present Wordsworth's poetical life to us in its minutest details. For the real question to-day is not so much the value of his greater works in themselves—these have their assured place—as of that chosen and cherished habit which lends a prophetic power to his meanest words. I have been struck by a passage in Prof. Walter Raleigh's monograph, which expresses aptly a thought derived ultimately from Matthew Arnold and common to most present-day admirers. "These three poems," he says, and the reader may supply their names from a dozen in his memory, "judged by any purely literary standard, are almost devoid of merit. They could find no place in a volume of Selections chosen for beauty and glamor of expression; they would even be called silly by many a critic competent to choose such a selection. But they are poetry in the making; they lead us by the way that the poet trod, and bring us at last to the 'Ode,' or to the 'Sonnet' composed on the beach near Calais, with quickened perceptions and an understanding that recognizes how much of the stuff of human experience was distilled in these masterpieces." That is but a cautious way of saying what a magazine-writer has recently stated more epigrammatically: "Those enjoy Wordsworth the most, and appreciate him the best who see that his verse is never really prosaic." Is it so? Is it true that his meanest poems are noble because they are part of the utterance of a whole poetic life? Shall one dare to hint that, on the contrary, some error may be suspected in his philosophy just because it resulted in these ignoble poems?

"This will never do!" wrote Jeffrey, in the opening of his review of "The Excursion," and for those four words he has been the most abused and best hated writer of the age; he has been held up as an eternal example of the folly and conceit of criticism. Well, I humbly take my place on the pillory with Jeffrey; I say, It never will do. I know there are sublime passages in that "vasty version," as did the irascible Scotsman; but I swear that in judging its total effect the *Edinburgh* was right, that, compared with the earlier poems, it has "less boldness of originality, and less, even, of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily, in the 'Lyrical Ballads,' between silliness and pathos," and that the manner of it exhibits imitations of Milton and Cowper, "engrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers—and all diluted into harmony by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style." A Daniel, I swear, come to judgment!

II.

It is common to admit that Wordsworth had no humor, as, in truth, he had not; but one may agree with the Wordsworthians in disregarding that as a venial fault. Humor is a blessed boon in a world governed by a superciliously solemn Nature, in whose eyes there is no shadow of laughter, when she seems most to jest with our own solemnities. But humor as a final criterion of literature is the merest cant of the day; impartially applied, it would athetize half the great poems of the world. The fault of Wordsworth lies deeper than that; it is the more serious lack of native vitality. One feels this lack throughout the correspondence; it will be

* *Letters of the Wordsworth Family.* From 1787 to 1855. Collected and edited by William Knight. In three volumes. Boston: Ginn & Co.

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recognized instantly by comparing his letter of self-revelation to Lady Beaumont, magnanimous as that letter is, with Milton's similar confession in "The Reason of Church Government"; it leaves his trivial letters merely trivial, just as the superabundance of vitality in Byron imparts a catching vim and interest to his most insignificant note. The failure was primarily physical, I believe. No doubt, it is due to this that none of his portraits betrays the likeness to Milton that De Quincey discovered in his face, or the light within his eyes which seemed "to come from unfathomed depths." That he was all his life physically active is no disproof; walking for him "stood in the stead of alcohol and all other stimulants." And one remembers that scene on the road when Dorothy was behind Wordsworth and a certain Westmoreland clergyman of "a fine, towering figure," and Dorothy would exclaim at intervals to her companion, "Is it possible —can that be William? How very mean he looks!" Some of De Quincey's petty gossip, you will say; but, with a bearing on larger issues. And much of the prattle in Dorothy's own "Journal" points to the same conclusion. How often the pathetic entry recurs in the prolific Grasmere days: "William worked at 'The Ruined Cottage' and made himself very ill"; "William wrote out part of his poem, and endeavored to alter it, and so made himself ill"; "William got to work, and was worn to death." Not physical elation, but endless fatigue went into the making of those poems; and there went into them also, vicariously, the life of a saintly woman. "I was oppressed and sick at heart, for he wearied himself to death," she writes one day, not knowing, or caring, that the weariness meant not death to him, but, as the world is made, to her shattered nerves, and imbecility, and for recompense a shadowy place *inter odoratum lauri nemus*.

One may detect this same low vitality at the bottom of much of Wordsworth's political philosophy. He has been denounced, and variously excused, for his desertion of the principles underlying the French Revolution, but I do not know that any one has attributed the change largely to a merely physical revulsion at the sight of violence. He himself has told of his early enthusiasm at the time when Europe

> . . . was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours,
> And human nature seeming to be born.

It does not, in reality, appear that his political ideas changed essentially with his later conservatism; always he was full of pity for the "sorrowful reverse of all mankind"; even amidst his agitation over the English Reform bill he declared that he was not an anti-reformer, and at the end of his life he could still say, "I am a democrat." It was not principle so much as the aversion to limitless action that turned him against France when the Revolution began to work itself out in fact. Then it was, rather than when idling in "academic bowers," that a feeling of blind disease entered into his soul:

> I trembled,—thought, at times, of human life
> With an indefinite terror and dismay,
> Such as the storms and angry elements
> Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
> Analogy to uproar and misrule,
> Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It is not without bearing on this trait of his character that Napoleon, the man of ruthless activity, was to him merely a "remorseless desperado," whose very name caused a shiver, whereas to Hazlitt, another romantic revolutionary but different in his nervous vitality, he was to the end a divine agent.

III.

And Wordsworth's art was affected in the same way by his temperament. In the poetry of events he was always dismally weak. He himself, long years after the composition of "The Borderers," could speak with complacency of his "turn for dramatic writing," but any one who has read to the end of that youthful indiscretion knows that it is one of the falsest and most desperately mawkish plays in the language. In the same way the stories that make up the section of "The Excursion" called too appropriately "The Church-Yard," need only be compared with Crabbe's "Tales," whose plots in several instances they almost duplicate, to see how impossible it was for Wordsworth to pass from reflective sentiment to character as an agent. Love he commonly avoided as a theme because he thought himself by nature too passionate! It was rather the dynamic force of love, the power of love as the supreme mover and perturbator of men, that frightened him from the theme. In the beauty of a woman's face Marlowe saw the energy that launched a thousand ships; *militat omnis amans*, said Ovid, and from that inner and external battle Wordsworth turned by a native instinct. He has, indeed, left a little group of love poems almost perfect in their restrained beauty; but it is the shaping influence of nature he admires in the grace of that undiscovered "Lucy," and in her death he is awestruck by the sense of passionate absorption, if the phrase is allowed, into the passionless life of the world:

> A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears:
> She seemed a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.
>
> No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees;
> Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
> With rocks, and stones, and trees.

This is not the love that commonly stirs the determination or the despair of a bachelor of twenty-nine; it is neither the pandemian nor the uranian Venus of the poets, neither the god Eros, with his flaming sword, nor the boy with his flower-tipped arrows. It is rather another step toward that communion with nature, that business of contemplative revery, into which the terror of events was driving him. Such a musing withdrawal of the soul cannot, of course, be separated from the general romantic movement of the age, but its special form was determined in Wordsworth by his individual temperament and its value as a priestly lesson must be measured in some degree by our understanding of his unconscious motives. Now there is a passage in one of his letters (No. cccxviii. of Mr. Knight's collection) which suggests a way of throwing these motives into a high light by comparison. He is rebuking his friend Gillies for quoting Lord Byron's "famous passage on solitude" ("Childe Harold," canto ii., stanzas 26 and 27), which, as he thinks, "does not deserve the notice which has been bestowed on it" and as composition "is bad, particularly the line:

> Minions of grandeur [splendor] shrinking from distress;"—

and he goes on to clinch the criticism:

> To illustrate my meaning, and for no other purpose, I refer to my own lines on the Wye, where you will find the same sentiment, not formally put as it is here, but ejaculated, as it were, fortuitously in the musical succession of preconceived feeling.

Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" is in the memory of every lover of poetry to-day, but Byron's stanzas must, I fear, be quoted at length, or the point of the comparison will be lost:

> But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
> To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
> And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
> With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,—
> Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!—
> None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
> If we were not would seem to smile the less,
> Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
> This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!
>
> More blest the life of godly eremite,
> Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
> Watching at eve upon the giant height,
> Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
> That he who there at such an hour hath been
> Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
> Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
> Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
> Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

Now, as composition, these lines may, perhaps, be called bad; they do not display the scope of their author's genius, while beside Wordsworth's masterpiece not only are they wanting in rapturous beauty, but in mere expression they touch upon insincerity; and for this reason they do not, like Wordsworth's, awaken in the reader the full emotion felt by the poet. So much must be admitted. But when it comes to the underlying ideas, I am not so sure. I cannot, in the first place, convince myself that the parts of "Tintern Abbey," if carefully considered, do not contradict one another, that the sentiment of those lines which find the mystic charm of nature in its power to voice "the still, sad music of humanity," is quite congenial with that of the passage which presents this same nature as a consolation for "the sneers of selfish men" and "the dreary intercourse of daily life." There is likely always to be this irreconcilable contradiction between the general sympathy and the particular distaste of the enthusiast who sees the mystery of mankind refracted through the mist of setting suns. The illusion of the nature-worshipper and the deception of the humanitarian spring, indeed, from the same substitution of revery for judgment, and it is worthy of remark that Wordsworth, who mused so pathetically on the lot of the dalesmen about him, had no power of entering into their individual lives and was commonly distrusted by them. I discover no such mingling of the sentimentalist and the cynic in Byron's stanzas, but a cynicism which, however shocking, is certainly consistent. And, going further, I feel a doubt in regard in Wordsworth's essential philosophy of nature. Byron's monk of Athos I can understand and allow for. Finding intolerable his loneliness amidst the conflict of egotisms we call society, he seeks the peace of real solitude where from his undisturbed lookout the world lies beneath him like a silent panorama. There, unvexed by the need of opposing will to human will, he can cultivate the higher will

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to refrain and lift his mind above nature into serene communication with itself and with its God. That is a different life from Wordsworth's worship of nature, at least as that state of submission is expressed in "Tintern Abbey":

> . . . Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.

"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," he adds in the new flush of his pantheistic creed; yet as one reads the letters written in later life, when death had found an entrance to his chosen valleys, when disease had troubled the mind of his dearest companion, and other cares had stolen upon him in his retreat, it becomes clear that Nature did betray and cast him upon other consolations. Nor are his letters alone in presenting the decline of his life as clouded by a certain inner distrust. In June of 1849 Miss Fenwick writes that "his darker moods are more frequent, though at other times he is as strong and as bright as ever. . . . His is a strong but not a happy old age." And Mr. Yarnall, who visited him from America in the same year, found that "the expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily." Something of this sense of betrayal sounds to my ears in one of his pathetic admissions, made to an unknown correspondent:

> What I lament most is that the spirituality of my nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved partner. The pleasure which I derive from God's works in his visible creation is not, I think, impaired with me. . . .

That is not the tone of his earlier confidence in pantheistic revery to lighten and sustain the soul. From Nature he has turned to a very old-fashioned God of nature; and in the end we may believe that he discovered in religion the true peace he so beautifully boasted of in his youth. "I am standing," he writes to a friend across the estranging ocean of this world, who was solicitous about the poet's fame—"I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I am now troubled by the thought of how long or short a time they who remain on that shore may have sight of me."

No, we may as well come to admit that there is something hollow and at bottom false in that blessed mood of revery by which we are laid asleep in body and become a living soul at one with the motion and the spirit of the wide-expanded world; that, on a lower scale, there is something unsatisfactory—dare I say ludicrous?—in thus consecrating a life to nature as, in reverence to Wordsworth, we have so long talked of doing. Solitude as a means of ascetic discipline may have its brave and terrible rewards; life in the country with its various duties may be salubrious, and may add to work its purifying exaltations; but to go out into scenery as "a dedicated Spirit," to cultivate a chronic habit of admiration, to hang upon the seasons' every mood for the sake of harvesting the "gentle agitations of the mind," to prod the imagination deliberately that no day may lack its "matins and vespers of harmonious verse," in a word to make a poetical business of nature—this will never do.

IV.

The habit in Wordsworth's case was more specially, it should appear, the result of that low physical vitality, which made him shrink from action, joined to a fervid moral sense, which sought ease of conscience in communion with a passive unmoral nature. For the world the result was a great volume of dull verse, which we have been compelled to regard as consecrated in a way to which no other poetry can quite lay claim. It is time we were emancipated from that romantic illusion. Yet withal I trust I am not blind to the great, if spasmodic, accomplishment of Wordsworth. It is perfectly true that we may read through pages of weary metaphysics and self-maunderings of tortured prose, and then suddenly come upon a passage whose inevitable beauty flashes upon the soul like a burning search-light. Who, for example, shall forget his first surprise when, reading in "The Prelude" of the college kitchens and their "humming sound, less tunable than bees," he passed to the description of Newton's statue:

> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone?

And there are amid his lesser works that waver "between silliness and pathos," whole poems—it is unnecessary to name them—of a lyric grace that forever sings itself in memory, or of a naked classic grandeur that awes and subdues the mind. Only, I cannot see why the purple patches on "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" should make us blink the fact that the former would have been better as a whole in prose, and that the latter would have been better not to have been at all. Nor can I see why, to appreciate the melody of "The Solitary Reaper," whose voice, like the song of a bird retreating into the forest, draws us on to follow the lure of the world's undiscoverable secret beauty—

> A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
> In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides.
>
> Will no one tell me what she sings?—

why we should need to pass through the initiation of Poor Susan's doggerel:

> At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
> Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.

The wonder is that the same poet should have written both poems, and that a critic like Matthew Arnold should have given them equal value in his book of selections.

V.

The poet's temperament and manner of composition may in part account for these anomalies. One seems to see him starting out with a hard determination to flog his sluggish blood into motion; as he proceeds, he grows into a tense nervous state of expectancy:

> My apprehensions come in crowds;
> I dread the rustling of the grass;
> The very shadows of the clouds
> Have power to shake me as they pass:
> I question things and do not find
> One that will answer to my mind;
> And all the world appears unkind.

One can see the haggard search for inspiration in his eyes: "They were fires half burning, half smouldering," said Leigh Hunt, who himself never needed to jog his jaunty muse, "with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns." Too commonly the fire merely glimmered and smoked to the close; but at times and without warning, most often, one fancies, in moments of extreme lassitude, when the will to write had succumbed to the fatigue of the body (or in other happier moments when the will was caught entirely off guard)—then suddenly the wayward breath of heaven blew upon him, the flame leaped up clear and warm, and the miracle of perfect verse was wrought. So, at least, one thinks to explain the "inevitableness" of his greater work amid so much of sad mechanic exercise. It is almost as if Nature at these times took the pen out of his hands and made him her spokesman, in spite of his self-willed consecration.

And for us may be the profit of those golden moments. For with all the talk of these years the world is indeed too much with us, and little we see in nature that is ours. It is a question whether, despite our poetic convention, we have really as keen and single-hearted an enjoyment of the Outworld, to use Henry More's term, as did the ages that preceded Wordsworth, whether he were not in fact a voice coming at the end of a period rather than at the beginning. For the most part, we are like Alphius of the Latin poem, always about to abandon ourselves to rustic delights, yet still tangled in the toils of the market. And so we may come honestly to this poet as to one who held in his gift the divine medicine of contemplation—

> But where will Europe's latter hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

We shall not be true if we speak of his life in nature as a wholesome ideal, for such revery as he taught is but a surrender to the ever-intruding sense of the world's defeat, and human fate is something greater than stocks and stones, the stars that control our destiny higher than the constellation of mountain flowers, and the meaning of mankind is better guessed in the clamor of society or in the still voice of the heart withdrawn into its own solitude than in the murmur of the evening wind; but all of us may drink in fresh courage and renewed vigor from seasons of wise passiveness. His excess may be our balance, and in his inspiration we may learn to regulate the gusty, self-wearing passions of the mind:

> Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
> Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
> Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
> Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race
> How without injury to take, to give
> Without offence; ye who, as if to show
> The wondrous influence of power gently used,
> Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
> And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds
> Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,
> Murmuring along the stones, a busy noise
> By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
> Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth
> In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
> Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;
> And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
> To interpose the covert of your shades,

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Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And outward troubles, between man himself,
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:
Oh! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the general argument of the editorial, "Tact in Ruling Races," in the *Nation* of June 25, one may agree, and yet no one acquainted with the facts can fail to protest against the inferences to be drawn from some of its statements, particularly with reference to the present Governor-General of the Philippines. For one thing, Governor-General Smith has not thought "it beneath his dignity to learn a foreign tongue." He was speaking Spanish before he became Military Governor of Negros Island, in 1899, and has for nearly ten years been using it fluently in constant intercourse with Filipinos. In passing, it may be worth remarking that, in the conferences held this year between committees of the Philippine Assembly and the Commission, upon bills whereon the two chambers differed, the interpreter has been a superfluity, for, like the Governor-General, Commissioners Worcester, Forbes, and Shuster (till his departure on leave) as well as the Filipino commissioners, Pardo de Tavera and Luzuriaga, all speak Spanish fluently.

To represent the attitude of the American authorities in the Philippines regarding the Assembly's resolution on the subject of independence as one of "incredulity and contempt," is hardly fair or just. First, it is not correct to paraphrase the Assembly's resolution so as to make it declare "that nothing but independence would satisfy the national desires, and that it ought to be granted quickly." It is no less incorrect to paraphrase Governor-General Smith's cablegram, thus:

That the resolution of the Philippine Assembly amounts to nothing; that the natives do not know what they are talking about; that it is ridiculous to speak of their being fit for independence, and that the whole movement may safely be ignored.

Governor-General Smith has been under fire, privately as well as publicly, just because he has been disposed to show both by speech and act his sympathy with the Filipino aspiration for independence, and just because he would not attempt to manipulate proceedings in the Assembly or try to throttle it. A large majority of Nationalist representatives were elected last year, many of them making great boasts in their campaign about "demanding" of the United States "immediate independence," and leading many voters to believe that Nationalist victory would really mean "immediate independence." Of course, these representatives were all intelligent enough to know that they could not deliver what they promised, some openly, some by innuendo. A good working majority of the Assembly—be it said to their credit—have, from the outset, shown their readiness to work with, not to obstruct, the American government in the islands. Yet these conservative Nationalists would have stultified themselves, in the face of their preëlection declarations, by refusing to vote for a resolution for independence. Various radically worded resolutions have been suppressed in committee. The resolution, as passed, was apparently a simple declaration by one house of the Philippine Legislature that the Filipino people aspire to independence, and that they are already fitted for complete self-government. In view of the history of the "campaign for independence" in the Philippines for a year and a half back, Governor-General Smith cabled that this resolution should not be interpreted as a victory of the radicals and obstructionists, that it is no "demand" by intransigents, but is, as it were, a *pro forma* expression of Filipino sentiment. That this is the correct view of the matter, fuller mail advices will quite certainly show.

Finally, is it not rather ridiculous, in the face of what has been happening of late in India, even with the Liberals in power in England, to brand our course in the Philippines as "pure repression," and by inference to hold up for our imitation Mr. Morley's government's policy in India? Over against recent events in India, set our programme of stimulating universal education and local self-government in the Philippines, our grant of real legislative powers to an elective Assembly, our policy of keeping hands off when Filipino demagogues made their campaigns for election to that body by appealing openly to the popular desire to get rid of alien government, and our leaving that Assembly to settle for itself the problem of reconciling the ebullitions of "Nationalism" with the hard facts of the situation. No criticism of the British government for its recent acts in India is here implied; the very fact that its measures to repress agitation are taken under Mr. Morley is sufficient evidence that they are deemed strictly necessary. Nor is it safe to pursue far a parallel between India and the Philippines. But to imply that our government in the Philippines is one of "repression," as compared with that of India or any dependency of Great Britain—even Egypt, not strictly a dependency—is certainly straining the critic's license. JAMES A. LEROY.

Fort Bayard, N. M., July 6.

THE TRUE ECONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is often asserted that such great combinations as the Standard Oil Trust are of great economic advantage to society. It is urged that a given amount of business can be more economically handled by such machinery than would be possible if the same work were done by a multitude of small and independent companies.

In a question of this kind there are many conflicting interests to be considered. For instance, who is to apportion the advantages thus gained among the parties in interest? Again, may there not be disadvantages arising from such great development of economy in a special direction?

Every electrical engineer knows that in all power plants there are heat losses in the line wires between the power plant and the customer. The larger the copper conductors are in cross-section, the less of such waste there will be. In every power plant in existence this waste could be reduced to one-half its present amount by doubling the cross-section of the conductor, and it could be practically obliterated by the use of copper cables one foot in diameter. But no engineer would consider such a plan of economy. It would involve an increase in other losses. The same company which is paying for this waste of power would be called upon to pay an enormously greater interest loss on the increased cost of construction and material. Every engineering project must involve many such compromises between conflicting features. The economy in such heat waste must not be made too great.

When we consider society as a whole, the same conflicting elements exist. It is greatly to be desired that the average man should live in his own house. He should make his own plans, in the management of his own business. He should thus learn to become an independent thinking unit, capable of taking the lead in any project which demands power of initiative and intelligent action. The mistakes which he makes contribute to his education.

We welcome the kind of machinery which releases men from the drudgery and bondage of manual labor. But we do not welcome the advent of a system which converts the men themselves into elements of a machine.

Such legislation as the Sherman law represents the nation's attempt to defend its highest interests.

It would seem to be the part of wisdom that the managers of these intangible economic machines should learn to obey the law. There are multitudes of insignificant people in this country who still possess the capacity to think and to act, and who are determined to defend themselves.

FRANCIS E. NIPHER.

St. Louis, July 8.

Notes.

John Lane has two books of special interest for the coming hunting season. One is a reprint of Nimrod's work on horses, "The Condition of the Hunter"; the other is Carlisle's "Fox Hunting, Past and Present."

Among the autumn publications of the Baker & Taylor Company are "Mediæval Architecture," by A. Kingsley Porter; "History of Architecture," volume II., by Russell Sturgis; "The Appreciation of the Drama," by Charles H. Caffin; "Browning's England," compiled by Helen A. Clarke; "Books and Reading," compiled by Alfred Harcourt and R. C. Gaige; "Life of Lincoln," by Henry W. Whitney; "Bird Legend and Life," by Margaret Coulson Walker; and "Contemporary Ireland," by Paul Dubois.

Houghton Mifflin Company makes the following preliminary announcements for this autumn: "Lewis Rand," by Mary Johnston; "The Leaven of Love," by Clara Louise Burnham; "The Lighted Lamp," by C. Hanford Henderson; "Though Life Us do Part," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Fair Mississippian," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "The Calico Cat," by Charles Miner Thompson; "Amedee's Son," by Harry James Smith; "Peter Moor's Journey to

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Southwest Africa," by Gustav Frenssen, translated by Margaret M. Ward; "Marjorie Daw," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, holiday edition; "Cupid's Almanac," by Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay; "Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candle-Stick Maker," by Robert Seaver; "The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Ferris Greenslet; "William McKinley," by Thomas C. Dawson; "John Keats," by Albert E. Hancock; "Lincoln, Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothschild, anniversary edition; "University Administration," by Charles W. Eliot; "The Ideal Teacher," by George H. Palmer; "The Home Builder," by Lyman Abbott; "By the Christmas Fire," by Samuel M. Crothers; "A Happy Half-Century," by Agnes Repplier; "Park Street Papers," by Bliss Perry; "Dryden's Poetical Works," Cambridge edition in one volume, edited by George R. Noyes; "The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder," household edition; "The Poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman," new household edition; "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson; "Poems of New England," edited by Henry W. Longfellow; "Heracles," by George Cabot Lodge; "Wisconsin," by Reuben G. Thwaites; "Minnesota," by William W. Folwell; "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," by J. O. Fagan; "The Lay of the Land," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "Business Accounting," by William M. Cole; "The Beginnings of Industrial Education," by Paul H. Hanus; "The History of Boston Theatre," compiled by Eugene Tompkins and Quincy Kilby; "Immortality as Conceived and Taught in Northern Buddhism," by William S. Bigelow.

Miss Grace Norton, the best authority in America on Montaigne, who has already given us three valuable books on the essayist, now publishes two companion volumes, "The Influence of Montaigne" and "The Spirit of Montaigne" (Houghton Mifflin Company). These announce themselves modestly on the title pages as only "compilations," but they are such compilations as call for more preliminary reading than many an "original" book. The first volume contains, drawn from French and English writers, comments on Montaigne, allusions to him, and plagiarisms from his writings. The second is made up of parallel passages expressing thoughts like those of Montaigne, among which the works of Bacon, Locke, and Rousseau stand foremost. Many of these last come very near the line of plagiarism, and Miss Norton must have hesitated into which category to place some of her material. No more interesting and useful monument to a great writer can be made than a history of the ups and downs of his posthumous fame, as Roger Le Brun recently did for Corneille in a volume in some respects not unlike Miss Norton's, though arranged according to a different plan. These two books of Miss Norton's, together with the recent investigations and editorial work of M. Villey and M. Strowski among others, show that Montaigne has lost nothing of his sway. Perhaps we shall yet have a society of students of Montaigne, like the one now devoted to Rabelais, the other great prose writer of the sixteenth century, whose books Montaigne thought, indeed, "simplement plaisants."

The University of Chicago Press has issued another volume of Prof. Walter C. Bronson's anthology, "English Poems." This, the third in a projected series of four volumes, deals with "The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century (1660-1800)." In preparing this series, which is intended especially for use with college classes, the editor has aimed:

(1.) To choose poems representing the different phases of the work of poets and schools of poetry; (2) to print entire poems or entire parts of poems, whenever possible; (3) to follow the latest accessible text approved by the author; (4) to modernize spelling and punctuation as a rule, but to retain the original form when change would affect rhythm or rhyme; (5) in the notes to explain difficulties of expression and allusion, give the poet's view of poetry in his own words, furnish material (chiefly variant readings and literary sources) illustrating his mode of work, and throw some light, by extracts from contemporary criticism, upon the literary standards of different periods.

As the editor says in his preface, so much of the poetry of this period consists of long reflective, satiric, or descriptive works that it has been necessary to include a good many extracts. The authors represented are Samuel Butler, Etheridge, Sackville, Sedley, Aphra Behn, the Earl of Rochester, John Oldham, Congreve, Dryden, the Countess of Winchelsea, Addison, Prior, Swift, Pope, Thomas Parnell, Gay, Allan Ramsay, Matthew Green, John Dyer, James Thomson, Young, Robert Blair, Samuel Johnson, Shenstone, William Collins, Gray, Akenside, Christopher Smart, Thomas Warton, Churchill, Falconer, Goldsmith, James Beattie, Chatterton, Cowper, Robert Fergusson, John Skinner, Burns, Blake, and Crabbe. As we noted in our comment on the volume on "The Nineteenth Century" (see the *Nation* of Feb. 13, 1908, p. 153), one of the most valuable features of this admirable series is the critical apparatus. Professor Bronson's long experience in teaching literature has familiarized him with the needs of the average student in the matter of elucidations. More important, however, than his glosses of the text are his extracts—as from Dryden's numerous prefaces—giving "the poet's view of poetry in his own words" and the attitude of contemporary critics. These passages are remarkably illuminating, and offer in brief compass the very thing that so many students lack, a sense of historical perspective. The volume is well printed and bound.

Prof. W. H. Bennett's "Religion of the Post-Exilic Prophets" (imported by Scribner's) is the first of a series of ten volumes, to be published under the general title, "The Literature and Religion of Israel." Other volumes are announced: Foundations (Jastrow), Institutions and Legislation (A. R. S. Kennedy), History (Hogg), Psalms (Gray), Pre-exilic Prophets (Kennett), Wisdom Literature (Skinner), Historical Apologues (James Moffatt), Apocalyptic Literature (Charles). The volume before us exemplifies the general features of the scheme. The first part takes up the several prophets and prophetic writings in chronological order, setting them in the light of their times and surroundings, and giving a summary of the contents of each book and an outline of the individual teaching. The second part is a Biblical Theology of the prophets of the period, in a systematic arrangement under such topics as The Nature of Man, Righteousness and Sin, Rewards and Punishments, Atonement and Final Reprobation. There is a meagre index of subjects and a full one of scripture passages. "Respectable" is the word for Professor Bennett's volume. Apart from the call to contribute to the series, he would probably have felt no call to write it—there is no mark on it of a fire shut up in his bones. But, the occasion being given, the task is diligently and intelligently performed. The general plan of the series is open to serious criticism: it involves a vast deal of repetition, and provides for no unity or correlation. Each volume, so far as appears, is to be an independent work, dealing, not with a certain period in the history of the religion, but with the theology of a particular form of literature, which may run through all periods.

Thick paper and large type, like all things made for man's well being, are capable of perversion. With their aid many a half-dozen slim newspaper articles have been turned into a book and assumed a virtue that they never had. Such a volume is Frederick Moore's "The Passing of Morocco" (Houghton Mifflin Company), which consists, in part, of letters written to the *Westminster Gazette*—letters that do not rise to any particular distinction, even as products of the facile journalistic pen. At the time when the pages must have been sent to press, in the early months of the present year, nothing had as yet happened in Morocco which would justify the title of the book. What has occurred since then makes the propriety of the name still more dubious. No European statesman is in a position to say now how soon Morocco will pass or whether it will pass at all. Nor does Mr. Moore offer an argument of his own to justify the position he presumably maintains. There is little account or estimate of the forces at work, nor even an adequate description of the terrain on which a difficult problem is being worked out. The only phase of recent Moroccan history that is capable of being definitely chronicled at the present time is the fighting between the French and the Moorish coast tribes and between the two rival Sultans. But neither of these does the writer touch upon in any fuller degree than we have seen the matter reach in our newspaper dispatches. One point only is made which we have not seen sharply brought out elsewhere, and that is the ruthlessness with which the French have been carrying on the campaign against the Shawia tribesmen. Mr. Moore charges the French army of pacification with taking no prisoners in battle or in the course of their punitive raids. He repeats the charge with an insistence that leads us to believe the book to have been compiled for that specific purpose; and on the whole it is a point which merits the outside world's attention.

George Ridding, headmaster of Winchester College from 1866 to 1884, and first bishop of Southwell from 1894 to 1904, took part in some of the most picturesque of those transformations by which rights vested for spiritual purposes bring themselves up from time to time in England to the standard of current secular ethics. In 1393 Bishop Wykeham founded the College of S. Mary Winton to increase the supply of clergy, who had been depleted by the black death. The foundation was poor, but became rich as time went on. After the Reformation the warden and fellows

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married, became non-resident, and made themselves rich by starving the scholars and masters. At the accession of Queen Victoria, the school was still poor, but the income of the foundation was £20,000. Readers of Trollope will recall Hiram's Hospital, and will realize the consternation of the governing body when by act of Parliament in 1868 they were allowed one year in which to disgorge and reform. The history of Dr. Ridding's action, of his personal generosity and self-sacrifice, of his acuteness in preserving the antique while surrendering the antiquated, is full of interest. Having saved and rejuvenated the moribund at Winchester, he was sent to superintend the growth of the new, raw, ill-conditioned diocese of Southwell. Before the bishop of "The Servant in the House" becomes fixed in the American mind as the typical spiritual peer, it is well that note be taken of the simple, straightforward way in which Bishop Ridding gave his money, his comfort, his talents, and his life to the service of his see. The story is ably told, though with inevitable eulogy, by his wife in "George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop" (Longmans, Green & Co.).

Whatever may have been Napoleon's own judgment upon his career, there can be little doubt that interest in his work as a statesman is tending to supersede the battle histories. It is part of the general transference of emphasis which is remaking history to-day—the attempt to view the past not merely as a passing show, but as the working-out of obscure yet potent social forces. This socializing of history—the study of movements which leave permanent results, rather than of the changing spectacle of the results by themselves—meets its supreme problem in the genius of a man like Napoleon, and nowhere else more fully than in the reconstruction of France during the Consulate. We ought therefore to be grateful for an English translation of one of the important sources for that period, hitherto difficult to procure, even in French. The edition of A. C. Thibaudeau's "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*," which has been prepared by Dr. G. K. Fortescue and published under the title, "Bonaparte and the Consulate" (the Macmillan Co.), will be welcomed by all students of the period, and by many who are not students. Thibaudeau was a member of the Legislative Committee of the Council of State, and watched the process of that judicial and administrative creation which remains the chief glory of the Consulate. He was on intimate terms with Napoleon, and his account of what was going on in the inner councils of the government is a valuable historical source. Yet, while remarkably clear and sober, it is not all that the editor claims for it. Its conversations are not to be taken as verbatim reports, but rather as the substance of well-remembered incidents, which literary skill clothes again in something like their original form. One must not place too great confidence in the literal truth of such a narrative. The best of memoirs need most careful weighing in the balances of historical criticism. Time and circumstance mould and color them, and they remain honeycombed with errors of the most elementary character. The general reader, however, cares little for these matters, and we need only say that among the many memoir writers of the French Revolution there are few more interesting or more worth reading than those of Thibaudeau. They reveal Napoleon at the greatest period of his career, not in the distorted view of a Bourrienne, but as he stood before the best of Frenchmen, guiding that work which cleared up the disorders of the Convention and the Directory, and established the institutions of modern France. Dr. Fortescue has done his work with the utmost care. The translation is well rendered, and the text is supplied with abundant notes. There are short biographies of every one mentioned in the narrative and helpful explanations of obscure points. In addition, there is a long introduction, while prefatory notes go with each chapter. In fact, all has been done that could be done to make the book useful.

Harper's "Indoor Book for Boys," by Joseph H. Adams, is even a better handbook of its kind than the "Outdoor Book" published a year ago, its superiority lying in the fact that it trains the hand and mind of the boy more consistently along lines of permanent value, rather than of temporary recreation. The chapter on bookbinding and repairing, for instance, is so simple and complete in its directions that it may easily furnish all the instruction necessary to provide any boy (or girl) with a serviceable home accomplishment, or a means of livelihood. Carpentry, woodcarving and turning, picture mounting and framing, various kinds of metal working, clay modelling, and plaster casting, pyrography, printing, stamping, embossing, and stencilling are among the various topics treated, and all with a plainness and comprehensiveness that leave few if any insoluble problems to an intelligent boy reader. The parent who places this book in the hands of his boys must face some expense for tools and materials, which should be of really serviceable quality, if enthusiasm is not to be dampened by inevitable failure. A sufficient investment to insure the parent's active interest, however, is no disadvantage, but a great gain. The idea that a child's education should all be reduced to some form of play is a monstrous fallacy, but anything which gets genuine education out of the energy which boys and girls put into a rational amount of amusement is so much clear gain. Let a word of caution be added to anyone who puts this volume into the hand of a boy: Encourage him to do the things described in it merely for the youthful joy of successful accomplishment, and leave the later material advantage to take care of itself. In other words, put the book clearly on the side of his pleasures and pastimes, not of his serious work, and depend upon him to transfer the results to the other side of the account when the proper time comes.

"Verhandlungen des ersten deutschen Hochschullehrertages in Salzburg," is the official report of the transactions of this new educational body, in which burning questions of higher university education are discussed. The brochure is published by K. Trübner, in Strasburg.

In the recent work by Arthur Drewe, entitled "Der Monismus, dargestellt in Beiträgen seiner Vertreter, I. Band: Systematisches" (Jena: Diederichs, 7.50 marks), we have an objective presentation of this newest philosophy and religion by its own adherents. Drewe discusses the different types of Monism, and six others discuss The Relation between Monism and Dualism, Monism and Individualism, Monism and Ethics, Monism and Religion, Monism and Art, Monism and Christianity. Four others discuss these special themes: The Monism of the Law, Faustian Monism, Parmenides, The Six days of Creation. The object of this quasi "official" work is to furnish a popular presentation of the principles and practical workings of Monism in all its forms.

"Deutschland und die grosse Politik," an instructive annual, giving a thoughtful report of the foreign politics of Germany, has been published since 1901 by Prof. Th. Schiemann, the historian of the University of Berlin. The volume for 1907 has just been issued by Georg Reimer of Berlin.

Under the title "Aus einem anarchistischen Idealstaat" (Hanover: Göhmann), Dr. Wilhelm Schaefer, the well-known professor of political economy in Hanover, describes in a series of humorous and satirical sketches the imaginary city Anarchopolis, the capital of the State of Anarchia, in the South Sea. This work, though light in tone, is serious in purpose.

The four days' sale of the library belonging to Mr. Hoskier of South Orange, N. J., held by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, June 20 to July 2, brought a total of about £4,600. The collection of French Almanachs Royals went for £395 and was bought by the Paris bookseller, Theophile Belin. This remarkable series, extending from 1694 to 1883 (excepting 1695 and 1699), comprised 186 volumes, of which 131 were in full morocco, including specimens of binding from all the leading court binders of the period. A number of the volumes bore the arms of Louis XIV. or Louis XV., and others those of famous French families. A portion of the Marriage Contract, dated 1710, signed by Louis XIV., Louis XV., Madame de Maintenon, and more than 150 other members of the leading families of France, brought £75. A similar contract of marriage, dated 1748, sold for £55, and a third, dated 1785, signed by Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and others, for £100. On July 27 and 28 the same house sells the library of Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms, and other property, including an important series of original grants of arms dating 1467 to 1672, formerly owned by Sir John Fenn, and now sold by A. H. Frere. A Taverner Bible of 1539; the first Welsh New Testament, 1567; the first edition of John Lilly's "Euphues," 1581; the first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, in the original calf binding; and a parcel of Oriental books taken out of the palace of Delhi at the siege in 1857, are among other interesting lots.

The first Prix Gobert (9,000 fr.) has been awarded to Camille Jullian, for his "Histoire de la Gaule," and the second (1,000 fr.) to Paul Courtault for his "Blaise de Montluc, Historien." The Prix Thérouanne has been divided into four portions (1,000 fr. each), two of which go to the Abbé Pierling for "La Russie et le Saint-Siège," and two to F. Rousseau for his "Règne de Charles III. d'Espagne." The Prix Bordin (3,000 fr.) is divided among M. Delaruelle, A. de Gubernatatis, Albert Cassagne, G. Huszar, and M. Piat-Clo-

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dius. Half of the Prix Marcellin Guérin (1,000 fr) is awarded to Christian Maréchal for his works on Lamennais, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine. One-third (1,000 fr.) of the Prix Guizot is obtained by Étienne Dejean for his work "Un Préfet du Consulat, Beugnot," and a like share of the Prix Saintour goes to Edmond Huguet.

The death is announced at the age of thirty-six of Philip Sidney, the author of a number of historical works, among them "Jane the Quene," "Who Killed Amy Robsart," "The Sidneys of Penshurst," "The Gunpowder Plot," "The Headsman of Whitehall," and "Modern Rome in Modern England." Mr. Sidney was also a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, *Hibbert Journal*, and *Gentleman's Magazine*.

From Mans is announced the death of Gen. Hardy de Périni in his sixty-fifth year, distinguished both as soldier and author. Among his books on military subjects is "Batailles françaises," and he has also written poetry, stories, and romances under the name of "Jean de Villeurs."

With the death of Dr. Adolf Frantz, the University of Kiel has lost a distinguished Professor of State and Church Law. Dr. Frantz was the author of "Die Litteratur des Kirchenrechts" and "Lehrbuch des Kirchenrechts." He died at the age of fifty-six.

THE FAITH OF HELLAS.

The Religious Teachers of Greece: being Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, delivered at Aberdeen. By James Adam; edited, with a Memoir, by his wife, Adela Marion Adam. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4 net.

The posthumous issue of these Gifford lectures will bring a renewal of regret for the death of Professor Adam last year, in the prime of life, and the Memoir added by his wife, herself a Greek scholar who had been his pupil at Girton College, will make known to a larger circle than his immediate friends the character of a man, who through all his scholastic occupations remained "amans, amabilis, amatus." It may give heart to more than one discouraged student to read the career of James Adam from his humble Scottish home to the University of Aberdeen and thence to Cambridge.

Our concern, however, is not with Professor Adam's life but with its literary fruit. He was particularly a student of Plato, and his edition of the "Republic" is well-known. That was a living book to him—"the greatest book in the world," he calls it in one of his letters—and he went to it for present inspiration as well as for pedagogic material. "I have finished Socrates," he writes in another letter, "and am now deep in Plato. Of course he knocks all the others into cocked hats; there is no one like him, none. It is tremendous how he searches the depths of one's whole nature. You really must devote a year or two to the exclusive study of his works, if you mean to do anything useful for the interpretation of religious thought." It was in this spirit he approached the composition of his Gifford lectures, and the result is before us. We have heard a little too much, relatively, of the æsthetic side of the Greeks, of their sense of harmony and form, and the like. As a consequence a good many people regard them as a race of happy dilettantes, crowned with flowers and melodious with song. If anything can restore Greek literature to serious consideration, it will be rather such a work as this of Professor Adam's, which deals with the religious and moral aspect of Greek writers and applies their ideas to life. Plato is not alone among them in searching the depths of one's whole nature, and the man who has once looked at the problems of private and public conduct from their ancient point of view, carries with him, so to speak, an anchor against the shifting tides of opinion.

Professor Adam's plan is simple and effective. Taking as his text the famous passage of the "Republic," which alludes to the hereditary feud between poetry and philosophy, he first studies the poets, beginning with Homer, who presented the gods in anthropomorphic and too often immoral guise, and then the philosophers, who, repudiating mythology, sought for purely physical or metaphysical causes of the universe. The two streams are at the end brought together in Plato, whose deity is at once the efficient and final cause of all, and whose conception of morality is an ὁμοίωσις τῷ θεῷ, a becoming like to God. If any part of the book has disappointed us a little, it is these concluding chapters on Plato. Perhaps we expected too much; perhaps they suffer from loss of the final revision at the author's hands to which the earlier chapters were subjected. They are good—excellent in the difficult discussion of "ideas"—but they leave something still desired. Plato is still not made to the reader quite the *præsens auxilium* he seems to have been to the author. It is a subject to try out all but the finest and most heroic spirits.

For the rest, with the further possible exception of the chapters on Homer and Sophocles, Professor Adam is sound and adequate, though he may not exhaust the field. And by "sound" a great deal is meant. At almost every step the student of Greek is met by a host of German pamphlets and books, each striving to present the subject in a new light, some of them merely foolish, some dishonest attempts to attract notoriety to the author, almost all lacking in the control of common sense, here and there (*rari nantes*) one of indispensable value. To sift out this mass of rubbish, to keep the head clear and the heart alive through this dusty wilderness, to hold fast to the simple and in most cases the common traditional truth, calls for no ordinary degree of courage and integrity. In this task Professor Adam has been uniformly successful. Thus, the question of Justice was evidently much in the mind of Euripides and plays an important part in his drama. Now comes a commentator, Herr Nestle, who undertakes to show that "Euripides hypostasizes Justice as a quasi-personal being, the *Weltgeist* or *Weltvernunft*, not transcendent, but immanent, operating in the spiritual as well as in the material sphere, in man no less than in nature." It is, one sees, peculiarly a product of the lecture-room, an attempt to reduce the groping sentences of a very human poet to a rigid metaphysical theory. Professor Adam rightly draws back from this forced product of the intellect, and finds the true Euripides rather in such questioning passages as this from the "Hippolytus":

> When faith overfloweth my mind, God's providence all-embracing
> Banisheth griefs: but when doubt whispereth, "Ah but to know!"
> No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life for my tracing:
> There is ever a change and many a change,
> And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways to and fro
> Over limitless range.

Another characteristic case meets us in Socrates. It had been the custom to regard the portrait in Xenophon's "Memorabilia" as a true likeness from the hand of a contemporary. No, says the learned Professor Joel, in "Der echte und der xenophontische Sokrates," the real teaching of the master is to be found in Aristotle, and hereafter to preserve our human Socrates we must be either ignorant of German or strong enough to resist this ignis fatuus. And so it runs through the whole field; few scholars have a brain sufficiently robust, for instance, to forget the ocean of folly that has been poured about the Homeric poems. Few men, having read through that library of folly have strength or eyesight to read anything else. Not the least of Professor Adam's merits then has been his steadfast hold upon common sense, even at the risk occasionally of appearing commonplace.

In carrying out his intention of treating Greek literature as a permanent expression of man's religious instinct, Professor Adam is led constantly to compare ancient and modern, pagan and Christian, forms of the same idea. His comparisons so far as they go, are generally excellent, but we could wish he had not confined one side of his parallel so closely to a Christianity of Anglican hue. Once or twice this tendency draws him, we think, into false or forced analogies. Thus, Plato's marriage of the *nous*, or rational part of the soul, with pure Being or Beauty, should not be likened to the union of the soul and God in Christian mysticism, save with the most precise reservations. Such comparisons are apt to be misleading and harmful. More often Professor Adam's Anglican preoccupation merely contracts his range of illustration. At the very beginning, he misses the opportunity (as, it is fair to add, all other scholars hitherto have missed it) of showing how the religious emotions and ideas beneath Homer's fanciful play of mythology correspond to those of modern times under the hardened crust of dogma. Again, in his study of Heracleitus, he might well have stopped to compare the Ephesian's doctrine of flux and fire with recent physical theories of energy. And, once more, when he comes to Archelaus, the pupil of Anaxagoras and, according to tradition, the teacher of Socrates, we could wish he had related the famous saying that "right and wrong have no existence in nature, but only through convention or law," to the similar doctrine of Hobbes. These are not fanciful excursions of wit; they are fruitful in lessons of conduct and art, and only through such lessons can the value of Greek be forced to-day upon reluctant pupils. However, Professor Adam's book is in the right direction; it is at once scholarly and alive; and for what we have we are thankful.

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CURRENT FICTION.

The Husbands of Edith. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

An unblushing piece of news-stand literature which will doubtless please the audience at which it is aimed, and should augment the number of Mr. McCutcheon's portraits in our journals of popular book-gossip. Considered severely it is a crude and drawn-out farce based upon the masquerade of a bachelor as a married man. For state reasons it is necessary for an Englishman, Roxbury Medcroft, to be nominally in Vienna at a certain date, but really in London. He appeals to an American friend, one Brock, to personate him abroad, the desired piquancy being given to the situation by the fact that Mrs. Medcroft is to accompany the sham husband. The presence of a baby, a dog, two maids, and a sister, protects the lady from any excessive embarrassment upon the journey, and in Vienna a working ménage is easily arranged. The complications which ensue are of the obvious sort, and lead over the verge of scandal to difficulty with the authorities. Of course, the appearance of the real Medcroft at the convenient moment, leads to a comfortable éclaircissement. Everybody, including the German authorities, is able to regard the thing as a huge joke, and there is nothing left to arrange but the marriage of the American and the beautiful sister, which is promptly attended to.

A Man of Genius. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company.

In "The Wingless Victory" M. P. Willcocks produced last year an exceptionally strong and interesting story. In "A Man of Genius" we have a novel that comes unmistakably from the same hand; but that is all that can be said of the book. There were in the earlier novel a possible excess of sentimentality, an over-insistence on the pathos of human fate as shaped by the inexorable laws of evolution, and a consequent tendency to make use of race psychology where individual characterization would have done. But the persons were nevertheless clearly drawn, the plot was dramatic, and the action moved forward of itself. In "A Man of Genius" the sentiment cloys, while the characters move forward with no volition of their own and evident effort on the part of the author. The dialogue is reminiscent of Mrs. Humphry Ward's earlier manner, at her worst. There is a Church of England clergyman, who is an elderly Robert Elsmere, belated by twenty years. He has a daughter who is a weak copy of Marcella. The hero is Mrs. Ward's David Grieve freshened up with slight injections of Weismann, Nietzsche, Tolstoi, and Joseph Chamberlain. The heroine, though too vividly female, would be real enough if she were not so amazingly conscious of her sex and abstained from speaking of herself in terms that would be appropriate only in the mouth of a student of eugenics. So, for that matter, do most of the other persons speak, when they are not discussing Art in its relation to Life and Duty. The cosmic fallacy runs rampant. We are reminded of Jack London, when hero and heroine, instead of calling themselves man and woman, call each other "mate." They are drawn together not by what the world at large is content to call love, but because in Thyrza there clamor forth the demands of unborn generations, and in her lover there surges up the pride of the master and the life-giver, and all that sort of thing. It is a common failing of our modern women novelists that when they wish to be strong, they have recourse to physiological terminology; from that they swing to lyricism. Thomas Hardy has no need of such heroic methods when he writes of primitive people much akin to the Devon folk in our present story. The heroine of "A Wingless Victory" merited comparison with Sue in "Jude the Obscure," but "A Man of Genius" evokes no such parallel.

The Chauffeur and the Chaperon. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: The McClure Co.

The characters are an American girl and her English stepsister; an American artist with a Scotch aunt; a young man Dutch throughout; another of Dutch Republic paternal ancestry, and for his mother the daughter of a hundred or less English earls; a dog described as "geared ridiculously low," and concerning whom it is said that "When he's troubled, and a lot of lines meet together at one point in the middle of his forehead, his face looks exactly like Clapham Junction"; and finally, the Chaperon. The sisters have received a legacy of a small sum of money and a motor-boat situated at the moment in Holland. Thither they repair, and there is set in motion the usual Williamson landscapegracery. Nor are the familiar machine gods omitted; not only does the motor-boat "teuf-teuf" and "cough" itself through the waterways of Holland, but it tows a barge which serves as studio and kitchen, while motor-cars of varying sizes and colors are waiting at every dry point to whirl the travellers along dykes, and even it is to be feared in forbidden roads. We trust the enterprising Williamson chauffeur will not attempt Venice, but the future looks dark. To all who like amphibious excursion and farcical story combined the book will be welcome, for the journey is charming and the company merry.

The Heart of the Red Firs. By Ada Woodruff Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"To those few remaining pioneers who knew the Nisqually Trail into the great solitudes, in times before the logging railroad devastated the Puget Sound hills, and the wilderness began to recede at the coming of the builder of town sites." Thus explicitly, and, as it were, exhaustively, is our romance dedicated. Once again is chanted here that pæan of Farthest West, which begins already to be haunted by the plaintive elegiac strain. So short-lived is our pioneer phase in this land of rapid transit and transition. "The Heart of the Red Firs" is evidently written by a true lover of the region, not a mere seeker for local color. It is more effective in description than in narrative. Indeed, the persons in the story, with the exception of a young half-breed, are rather conventional figures. The heroine is that remarkable young school mistress who has done so much for Western fiction. She is as beautiful and self-possessed as ever, as generally pursued, and as fitly won. She is near marrying that kindly old gentleman, her guardian, and even nearer being kidnapped by that elegant smuggler, the villain. Heaven somehow saves her for the hero, as it manages to do in fiction, and the hero is as vastly surprised as it is his duty to be. We do not mean to suggest that the tale is altogether stupid or commonplace: it is neither. But it has, so far as it is a story and not a chant, just that degree of creditableness which marks, say, the upper half of our present-day fiction, and which cannot be endearing to persons whose province it is to survey the field as a whole.

The Girl and the Game and Other College Stories. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

No one but an author with a private circle of very indulgent readers would have dared to publish such an entirely stupid book as this. Some time ago Mr. Williams was something of a pioneer in the field of the short story of college life. Innumerable people were eager to see our young Barbarians at play, and so the Princeton pictures were heartily welcomed. But now the vein seems completely worked out. A good college story is perhaps almost as difficult to write as a national hymn; the stories in this volume are not in that species. They are without wit or humor, they are crudely constructed, they are even trivial and silly. At page 222 they have the grace no longer to pretend to be stories, but frankly break down for the next hundred pages into "Talks with a Kid brother" on hazing, horseplay, dissipations, the best thing in the world, and finally end with "an unofficial baccalaureate." Perhaps this is the kind of stuff an old graduate writes to his "kid brother"; it certainly should have gone no further.

Encyclopedia of Mississippi History: Comprising sketches of Counties, Towns, Events, Institutions, and Persons. Planned and edited by Dunbar Rowland. 2 vols.; quarto; pp. XVI. 1010, 1024. Madison, Wis.: Selwyn A. Brant. $12.00.

At first sight of these huge volumes, one wonders how on earth Mississippi, still considerably less than a century old, can have had history enough to fill them. One may also feel a little amused at the idea of devoting an encyclopædia to any single State. But if one chances to have wrestled in any way with the question of how best to present the history of an American State, one may also recall one's despairing conviction that a merciful providence never intended that any writer or group of writers should be required to put such material into really readable form. Whatever form may be given to the history of any State, two or three excepted, the book is far more likely to be consulted than read. Why, therefore, may it not be a good idea to throw the facts into encyclopædia form and thus make it easy to find what is desired and leave the rest alone?

Dr. Rowland and his helpers seem to have carried out the plan fairly well. The scale is too generous. There are some failures to meet successfully a difficulty inseparable from the form—the problem, namely, of

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where and under what titles to place matter which does not fall naturally under a proper name or an ordinary topic-name. One finds, for example—but by accident, not by searching—a considerable mass of not uninteresting information under the caption: "Advent of the Flag"; and one doesn't find any cross reference under "Flag" or "American Flag." But there is a good introductory account of sources, the work is really comprehensive, and facts are presented clearly and without any tiresome attempts at literature.

For so young a State, Mississippi has, in fact, a good deal of history, albeit much of it was made before she became a State. She has even more biography, if one may so express it, and some of the biography is decidedly picturesque. J. L. Alcorn, F. L., J. F. H., and W. C. C. Claiborne, Thomas Dabney (the hero of Mrs. Smedes's delightful "Memorials of a Southern Planter"), D'Artagnette, Jefferson and Reuben Davis, DeSoto, Andrew Ellicott, Henry S. Foote, N. B. Forrest, D'Iberville, L. Q. C. Lamar, S. S. Prentiss, John A. Quitman, Winthrop Sargent, Jacob Thompson, Robert J. Walker, E. C. Walthall—these names will indicate the rather extraordinary range of the biographical sketches.

There are no special bibliographies attached to the longer articles, and no list of the writers. The work would also be better for an index.

The Letters of Fernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. Translated and edited with a Biographical Introduction and Notes, by Francis Augustus MacNutt. Two vols., pp. viii., 354, and 374. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

"The letters of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. are an historical monument . . . of the greatest authenticity and value," wrote the Scottish historian, Robertson, a century and a quarter ago. Despite the progress of historical science and the discovery of a vast number of manuscripts in recent times the verdict to-day must be much the same, and the appearance of the first English translation of the complete series of these letters is an event which all students of the early records of Latin America will hail with great satisfaction. The term "letters" scarcely conveys an adequate idea of the contents of the five "Relaciones," as they are sometimes more aptly called, which are here published. They average more than one hundred printed octavo pages apiece, and contain a minute and straightforward account of the conquest of Meixco from 1519 to 1527, told almost in the form of a diary, composed at different times and places and under varying circumstances of fortune. The first of the letters, it should be added, was written by the judiciary and municipal authorities of the town of Vera Cruz, and supplies the place of the first of the five reports of Cortes which has never been found, but is known to have been practically a duplicate of this, perhaps a little less detailed. This letter, and also the fifth, were first discovered by Robertson in the Imperial archives in Vienna in the eighteenth century, while the second, third, and fourth were all printed in folio in Spain within two years after they had been written, and have since been translated into Latin, Italian, French, English, and German at various times.

Mr. MacNutt has edited these valuable reports with care and ability. An admirable life of Cortes (in which not the least interesting item is the wrangle, taken from Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead," between the ghosts of the conqueror of Mexico and the founder of Pennsylvania, concerning the merits of their respective undertakings in North America), a copy of his last will and testament, and a clear and succinct bibliographical note precede the text of the "Relaciones" and occupy the first 119 pages of the work. The translation of the letters is good, and renders well the simple, soldier-like style of their author. A number of useful appendices, eight maps and illustrations, and a well-prepared index, enhance the value of the book. The printer has not been uniformly successful in coping with Spanish names and phrases, but the blemishes on the whole are few and slight. The general impression of Cortes that one derives from this interesting work, is undeniably correct, and much more favorable than the popular conception of him would allow—a typical sixteenth century Spaniard, who should be judged by the standards of his time, brave, devout; probably less, rather than more, cruel than the mass of his countrymen, and one who was treated by his Imperial master at the last with an ingratitude scarcely less ignoble than that which hastened the end of Cardinal Ximenes.

Science.

In the annual report of the Department of Marine Biology of the Carnegie Institution there is given a preliminary account of the interesting researches of Prof. J. B. Watson on the breeding colony of Noddies and Sooty Terns on Bird Key, Tortugas. Some fifteen of these birds were marked and taken away from their home Key on a steamer, shut up in coops on the decks. At distances varying from twenty to eight hundred miles, individuals were released, and it was subquently found that thirteen of the birds had unerringly returned to their nests, notwithstanding that a number of them had been carried north of Cape Hatteras. Excluding migration experience, sight memory, wind and other physical aids, as this experiment does, we have little left to explain the remarkable feat except that birds are possessed of some mysterious sense of direction of which we know nothing. If this proves to be true, the many unsolved problems of migration become clear and the whole matter shifts to the province of the physiologist or psychologist. These experiments promise to open up a new and fascinating field of inquiry.

In a quarto of 230 pages, with three colored and ten uncolored plates, Dr. Hubert Lyman Clark has produced a monograph of the "Apodous Holothurians" (Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, No. 1723). The classification of the two families of the group, *Synaptidæ* and *Molpadiidæ* is first disclosed, and in Part ii, is given an annotated list of the specimens in the United States National Museum. Of the first family, twenty-three species are listed, and of the second, twenty species. Two new genera and eight new species are described. The remaining space is devoted to a most thorough account of the morphology, embryology, physiology, and ecology of the group, with artificial keys and an account of each species considered specially in relation to geographical distribution. The monograph ends with a bibliography of over three hundred titles and a synonymic index which practically sums up all the work which has been done upon this branch of the Echinoderms. The nomenclature is in strict accord with the principles laid down in the International Code and thus should be acceptable to scientists the world over. This is a notable contribution to the literature of marine invertebrates, and may well be cited as an excellent model of a concise yet thorough monograph of a limited group of organisms.

Prof. Albert M. Reese has spent part of the last three summers in the heart of the Florida swamps in search of embryos of the American alligator, and has just published the results of his study of the development of this reptile, as number 1791 of the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections. It is illustrated with twenty-three plates of excellent figures. Frequent reference is made to the work of Prof. S. F. Clarke, and this, together with the results of the careful technique of Dr. Reese, gives us an admirable outline of this important subject, forming indeed a summary of all the work which has thus far been accomplished in the field. The results are as interesting to ornithologists as to herpetologists. The alligator in its earliest stages was obtained only with great difficulty, as the embryo is more or less advanced at the time of laying. Newly made nests were watched and the eggs and embryos removed and fixed as soon as possible after deposition. It is strange that internal development of the embryo takes place to such an extent in a "cold-blooded" animal. The white of the fresh egg is so dense that the entire interior may be emptied from the shell and handled without danger of rupturing either the mass of albumen or the enclosed yolk. In the course of the research it was found that of the gill clefts, three clearly open to the exterior and probably a fourth also. A fifth cleft was seen in one surface view and in sections. No connection can be seen between the first rudiments of the sympathetic nerves and the central nervous system. The choroid fissure is a very transitory but well-marked feature of the eye.

"The Physiology of Stomata," by Dr. F. E. Lloyd, is the subject of publication No. 82 of the Carnegie Institution. The results obtained from a series of experiments on and the microscopic examination of the stomata of two species of desert plants, a *Fouquieria* and a *Verbena*, seem to negative the idea that has been held by many that there is a close correlation between the daily periodicities of transpiration and of stomatal movement. It seems likely that the extreme possible diffusion capacity of the stomata for water vapor is never reached, at least in the plants studied, since wide positive changes in the transpiration rate may occur at any particular size of the stomatal pore. The most important observation is that no adap-

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tive behavior of the stomata to the high temperature and the low humidity of the desert environment was noticed. "That the activities of such apparently very important organs as the stomata, though subject to the exigencies of the desert, have not changed adaptively in the course of uncounted centuries, makes it appear improbable that plants have become gradually fitted to this environment, but that, being fitted, they have survived."

Drama and Music.

THE CHELSEA PAGEANT.

The fashion of the pageant has spread like a fever through England, since the first, at Sherburne, three years ago, until it has become something of a national institution. This summer as many as three have been arranged: two in the provinces, at Dover and Winchester, and one in London itself. It was proposed early in the winter to commemorate the history and growth of the whole town, or rather the collection of towns and villages that London really is, but this larger scheme had to be given up for the time, Chelsea having already undertaken a commemoration of its own.

Fortunately, Chelsea has an interesting, picturesque local history to hang a spectacle on, and takes great pride in it. It has, moreover, a beautiful background for a spectacle in the old Ranelagh Gardens, which, though put to a very different use, still survive. And, as the quarter is a sort of Montmartre, or Montparnasse, for London artists, many took an active part, both in the arrangement of the scenes and in the performances. Indeed, one of them, G. W. Lambert, who swaggered through the part of Admiral Seymour with something of the vivacity and vigor with which he swaggers in paint on canvas, carried off the chief laurels as actor.

The history may be disposed of in a few words. Ten episodes were found that supplied the necessary situations for pomp and ceremonial. Chelsea, claiming a past that is said not to belong to it, began with the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, crossing the Thames, and, if the events of the crossing were not as they are represented, they should have been, for none could better answer the purpose of a pageant. The intervening ages having been briefly and lightly summed up by Tamesis and Unda, as a sort of chorus, a Synod that most people probably have forgotten, if, indeed, they ever heard of it, brought the chronicle down to the eighth century, while, after this, a May Day festival in Chelsea Fields carried one swiftly on to the sixteenth. Visits of royalty to Chelsea—of Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas More, who lived there, of Elizabeth on two occasions, of Charles II. when he founded Chelsea Hospital—the funeral of Anne of Cleves; the meeting of wits and scholars in the gardens of Don Saltero's famous Chelsea tavern; a fête at Ranelagh, completed the history to the middle of the eighteenth century. It was the right period, those with an eye to costume may believe, with which to end it. Others might think that, for the sake of distinguished men who have lived in Chelsea—Carlyle, Rossetti, Whistler—it need only have ended with yesterday.

This was the plot. The play evolved from it was a series of shifting scenes where beautiful figures in beautiful dress met and arranged themselves into beautiful compositions, a succession of dances and processions and stately ceremonial; century after century contributing all that was finest and most typical in it to be woven into the picture of a moment for the pleasure of London through the late hours of a fine June afternoon. The stage was one of the loveliest gardens in England, or anywhere. It has not, it is true, the wide vistas that have added so much to some of the Pageants in the Provinces, but the players and scenes were so artfully disposed upon it, that there was no sense of smallness or of limited distances. The spot selected was an almost circular space, with a cluster of wide-spreading May trees in the centre that broke up the groups and gave wonderful variety; glades led from the two sides and from the far end opposite the audience, as if designed for theatrical effect. The Pageant began at four, and, as the performance went on, the long shadows lengthened, the gold of the London summer afternoon filled the sky, and birds sang and called to each other from the near trees. A strange effect of reality was given to the first scene with the wild rush of the British soldiers, savage as Zulus, down a leafy glade, followed by Druids and Druidesses, in green draperies, who formed their magic circle in the open by the May trees; above all, when the British patriot whirled into their midst in a chariot drawn by three white horses, and the Roman soldiers marched across the green. There was not a figure that was not fine in itself, not a costume the archæologist could have found fault with; the action was admirable; and sham as was the battle, you seemed to get something of the passion, the fury of it. No doubt this was in a large measure due to the outdoor setting, civilized though it was for the fights of the early Briton. But no scene painter, however cunning and realistic in his art, could have made the boards of a theatre so appropriate a background, or could have produced so realistically the feeling of a wild life close to Nature. Not a scene that came after was more suggestive and dramatic, or better done.

Impressive as I found this opening episode, it was not entirely free from one of the two serious defects of the pageant as a whole: the action was interrupted by too much talk. A pageant, by its series of pictures and eloquent movements, should explain itself with no more words than are absolutely indispensable. Besides, the noblest and most poetic dialogue must lose in the open air, where speakers either cannot make themselves heard at all, which was the case with many at Chelsea, or else have to labor so hard in the endeavor, that the beauty, or meaning, of their words is lost in the ugliness of the effort. There was comparatively little speaking in the first episode, though I thought that little too much, but in the second, the episode of the Synod, there was not much else. It was a relief when a troup of gray nuns came down the glade, chanting. Indeed, the music throughout, most of it composed for the pageant, was so good that it made the talk seem the more superfluous. But the scene dragged deplorably. Had it not come so soon in the performance, it would have proved tedious beyond endurance. This defect was felt still more seriously in the fourth episode, when Sir Thomas More received the visit of Henry VIII. In costume, no episode had greater beauty and dignity. More and his family might have stepped straight out of the portraits by Holbein, from which they had been intelligently and sympathetically copied. It was a pleasure simply to look at the group moving about in the sunshine and shadow of the golden June afternoon, as Holbein may often have seen them coming and going in their Chelsea garden. Henry also was admirable, a living portrait, to the very stride. But the talk was interminable, most of the time inaudible, and Mr. Laurence Binyon's lines, written, I believe, for the occasion, were quite thrown away.

How unnecessary the talk was, the scenes where there was the least of it explained. The May Day episode, almost silent save for song, was altogether charming with its dances on the green—Morris Dances and *Danses Gaillardes*—its May poles, and its games of bowls, its mummers passing in their cart, while dozens of children played and skipped and ran about; the spirit of the thing evoked and expressed with a reality and animation that showed how people in the sixteenth century should have amused themselves. The funeral of Anne of Cleves was an impressive scene, and it also was independent of the spoken word, nothing breaking the silence but the sad, solemn *De Profundis* of black-robed nuns. It was the more solemn because the robes of priests and servitors have altered so slightly with the ages, that it might have been the funeral of the great dead of to-day, though to-day we might not perhaps see so vivid and sumptuous a burst of color as in the banners of arms borne by the heralds. But to me nothing was so spectacular, so effective, so genuine, as the children's masque of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," performed for the greater honor and entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, on her visit to Lord Howard of Effingham, at Chelsea; a masque within a masque. It was the triumph of the pageant, and Miss Hawtrey, who wrote the few descriptive lines, and I suppose suggested the arrangement and presentment of the various scenes, cannot be praised too highly.

When I remember the beauty and interest of these scenes, it seems ungrateful to criticise the pageant at all. But it was so good in some ways, that its unnecessary failure in others is the more to be regretted. I have seen nothing in London to which it could be compared, except, perhaps, the Masque given several years ago by the Art Workers' Guild at the Guildhall. But the resemblance between them lies chiefly in the fact that both were carried out mainly by artists and enthusiasts who depended upon no more professional training and assistance than was necessary. The Guild Masque was as wholly an allegory as the "Faerie Queene," in the children's interpretation before Queen Elizabeth. It was held on a frankly artificial stage by artificial light. The pageant was a series of historical pictures arranged in

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the open air, under clean, strong, summer sunshine. The masque was more complete, better rounded out, and so short as never to become tedious. The pageant had whatever romance there is in a green garden, and the glory of the perfect summer afternoon, rare in London, but the more transfiguring when it comes. The defects were simply the result of the same zeal that made it a success, despite its length and halting episodes. N. N.

When Prof. J. Fred Wolle, who made the whole country talk about his Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pa., accepted the chair of music at the University of California, he intended to start a Bach choir at Berkeley. The destruction of San Francisco upset his plans for the time being, but it is now announced that he has organized a new Bach choir, which already numbers 125 singers. He expects before long to have a chorus of 500, made up of amateurs from Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco.

Victor Herbert is the most strenuous musician of them all. He will have five new works on the stage next season. Two of these are completed, two others are practically so, while the fifth is in reservation as to its character and ownership. Those completed and those nearly ready are as follows: "Algeria," book by Glen MacDonough, announced as the opening attraction at the Broadway Theatre some time in August; "Victoria," book by George V. Hobart, to have an early production by Joseph Brooks; "The Prima Donna," book by Henry Blossom, to be the successor of "Mlle. Modiste," for Fritzi Scheff's use; "Little Nemo," book by Harry B. Smith, a gorgeous musical spectacle under the management of Klaw & Erlanger. The last named is the stage version of a series of pictures in a newspaper supplement, whose use was conditioned upon the guarantee of the musical collaboration of Mr. Herbert.

Strauss's next opera, "Electra," will be no longer than his "Salomé." It will be in one act, with nine scenes, and there will be four important rôles in it.

A Schubert festival is to be held in Vienna next October. There will be a festival concert; a service in the St. Stephen's Cathedral, including his mass in C major; performances of one or more of his operas; and an excursion to Hinterbrühl, where his "Miller Songs" are said to have been written.

Probably the most successful book on musical topics ever written in America is Miss Amy Fay's "Music-Study in Germany" (Macmillan Co.). It has passed through about twenty editions, and is still in demand, though written in 1880. Liszt liked it so much that he had it translated into German, and now a French version by Mme. B. Sourdillon has been issued in Paris under the title "Lettres intimes d'une musicienne américaine." It has a preface by Vincent d'Indy, who relates therein how, as a youth, he went to Weimar and there associated with Liszt and his pupils, one of whom, with a "très réel talent," was Miss Fay. He heard her play a Bach fugue "not in the manner of a vain virtuoso, but like a true artist, who is capable of feeling and expression."

Art.

Jewellery. By H. Clifford Smith. Pp. xlvii. +410. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

This is an instructive study of such jewelry as may be worn upon and about the person, and as made and used in European lands. The jewelry of antiquity is treated in fifty pages; and then comes the work of the migrating nations which broke up the Western dominion of Rome. Beginning with page 80 is the "mediæval period, tenth to fifteenth century"; the Renaissance follows—the Renaissance treated in that large and inexact sense common in English books, so as to include the sixteenth century, and even Elizabethan England. There are long chapters on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and with page 325 begins "Nineteenth-Century Jewellery—the Modern Revival." A too-brief chapter is devoted to peasant jewelry, and then follow chapters on frauds and forgeries and on memorials of death.

That which is most admirable in the book is the author's strong sense of the artistic value and significance of jewelry. The inferior importance of variety and cost, the greater significance of color and ornamental treatment, the need of reckoning with the semi-precious stones, "aquamarine, peridot, zircon, tourmaline, and chrysoprase"—all this is good. The cast-iron jewelry, as of Berlin in the Napoleonic era, is well characterized, and the brass pendants of Spain have notice. Good, too, is the comparison between the designs of different periods of time. And best of all, because least to be expected, is the attention given to artists and workmen of our own time, the real originators of a new period of decorative design. The plates are not very attractive, but they are generally intelligible, and the system of cross reference between plates and text is well maintained.

The scheme of The Connoisseur's Library, to which this volume belongs, does not seem to include Oriental or non-European art; and if this condition were stated it might be accepted with no great reluctance or surprise. In the absence of such declaration it does seem odd to find—when peasant jewelry is under consideration, as on p. 341 of the volume now in hand—a description of that of the North and of the South, the East and the West, of Europe, and never an allusion to the armlets and anklets of India.

From a list of all the volumes published or in preparation, printed on a fly-leaf of the present work, it now appears that there are to be twenty volumes in the series.

The latest issue of George Bell & Son's Miniature Series of Painters is "Leonardo da Vinci," by Hobart Cust. Mr. Cust writes briefly but with adequate knowledge of the life and art of Leonardo, and the illustrations include most of the undoubted works of the master.

"Deutsches Leben der Vergangenheit in Bildern. Ein Atlas mit 1760 Nachbildungen alter Kupfer- und Holzschnitte aus dem 15.-18. Jahrhundert," edited by Eugen Diederichs, with an introduction by H. Kienzle, of which the first half has appeared from the house of Diederichs in Jena (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), may be regarded as a supplement to the "Monographien zur deutschen Kulturgeschichte" issued by the same house. The editor has thoroughly ransacked the larger collections of pictures and libraries of Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and has brought together a mass of material, much of which has never before been reproduced, illustrative of the public and private life of the Germans, beginning with the rigid masters of the Reformation period and coming down to the famous copper plates of Nilson and Chodowiecki. The second and final volume is promised for the near future, the whole to cost 27 marks.

At Christie's, the following pictures from the collection of the late S. G. Holland were sold—on June 25: Vicat Cole, Leaves of Wasted Autumn Woods, £462; Constable, Arundel Mill and Castle, £336; F. Dicksee, A Love Story, £378; The Passing of Arthur, £420; Sir L. Fildes, An English Maiden, £420; Gainsborough, The Harvest Wagon, £735; A. C. Gow, The Garrison Marching out with the Honors of War, Lille, 1708, £756; J. Holland, Venice, looking up the Grand Canal, Sunset Sky, £1,207; The Colleoni Monument, Venice, stormy sky, £651; Venice, the entrance to the Grand Canal, £693; Greenwich Hospital, £367; J. C. Hook, The Mackerel Take, £378; Sir E. Landseer, Otter and Salmon, £378; J. F. Lewis, A Turkish School in Cairo, £1,312; A. Kibob Shop, Scutaria, £1,050; J. Linnell, Carrying Wheat, £1,995; The Brow of the Hill, £651; E. Long, Thisbe, £346; Millais, Caller Herrin', £1,890; W. Müller, Gillingham, £346; P. Nasmyth, View near Godstone, with a peasant carrying a scythe, £840; Forest Scene, with woodcutters and felled timber, £630; Sir W. Q. Orchardson, Napoleon on board H. M. S. Bellerophon, £1,680; Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, £420; J. Pettie, Treason, £556; Sir L. Alma Tadema, The Juggler, £315; Turner, Mortlake Terrace, view looking down the river from the garden of a house on the left of the picture, summer evening, £13,230; The Storm, raging greyish green sea, figure climbing to the wreckage, £5,775; The Morning after the Storm, £8,085; H. Woods, On the Steps of the Scuola, San Rocco, Venice, £420. On June 26: G. Barret, Tivoli, two shepherds with a dog, sheep and goats in the foreground, £693; D. Cox, Lancaster: Peace and War, £945; E. Duncan, The North

Financial.

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Berwick Life-boat going out to a Vessel in Distress, £336; C. Fielding, Ben More, Isle of Mull, £619; J. Holland, View on the Grand Canal, Venice, £614; J. F. Lewis, A Lady receiving Visitors in the Mandarah of a House in Cairo, £630; Sir L. Alma Tadema, The Old, Old Story, £388; Turner, Heidelberg, with rainbow, £4,410; Hastings, with fishermen in a rough sea, £1,680; Messieurs les Voyageurs on their Return from Italy (par la Diligence) in a Snowdrift upon Mount Tarrar, 22nd of January, 1829, £546; Orfordness, Fishermen in the right foreground drawing a net, £1,942; Saltash, Calm Harbor, £1,102; Rye, Sussex, numerous figures collecting fragments from a wreck, £682; Torbay, from Brixham, £714; F. Walker, Marlow Ferry, £2,835; The Street, Cookham, £1,680; The Fishmonger's Shop, £1,680; P. De Wint, View on the River Dart, £672; Conningsbury Castle, £441. On June 29: Meissonier, Off Guard, £535; Corot, River Scene, £3,150; L'Étang, £2,730; Daubigny, On the Oise, morning, £3,675; On the Oise, evening, £3,045; Diaz, The Bathers, £3,097; Woody Landscape, £682; E. Frère, Bénédicité, £451; Harpignies, Matinée d'Automne, £1,680; Ch. Jacque, A Woody Pasture, £924; Watering the Flock, £1,312; L. L'Hermitte, The Gleaners, £1,312; The Gleaners, evening, £2,625; E. van Marcke, Returning from Pasture, £1,207; C. Seiler, In the Woods at Meudon, above Sèvres, £504; The Ferry, £3,255.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baurba, George F. Our Bird Friends. Outing Publishing Co. $1.

Beall, Mrs. Mary Stevens. The Story of the Washington Coachee and of the Powell Coach. Washington: Neale Publishing Co.

Blakely, Gilbert Sykes. Teachers' Outlines for Studies in English. American Book Co.

Brady, John. Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments. Goerck Art Press. 75 cents.

Buchanan, James, The Works of. Edited by John B. Moore. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Butler, Orma Fitch. Studies in the Life of Heliogabalus. Macmillan.

Conrad, Henry Shoemaker. The Structure and Life-History of the Hay-Scented Fern. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Cotton Exchanges, Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on, 1908. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Davis, Mary Hayes, and Chow-Leung. Chinese Fables and Folk Stories. American Book Co. 40 cents.

Dubois, Constance Goddard. The Religion of the Luiseno Indians of Southern California. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.

Emery, G. F. Laws Relating to Foreigners and Foreign Corporations. London: Effingham Wilson.

Ferree, Barr. Sentiment as a National Asset: An Oration Delivered at the Fourth of July Celebration in Tenafly, N. J., 1908. New York.

Foster, William Trufant. Argumentation and Debating. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

Gould, George M. Borderland Studies. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

Herrick, Robert. Together. Macmillan.

Jack, Adolphus Alfred. Mathilde: A Play. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Johns, C. H. W. Ur-Engur: A Bronze of the Fourth Millennium. Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

Jones, H. Stuart. The Roman Empire. Putnams. $1.50.

Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. The Winter's Tale. Duffield & Co.

Nicholas, Francis C. The Power Supreme. Boston: R. E. Lee Co.

Radau, Hugo. Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Rowland, Helen. The Widow. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.

Schiller's Ballads and Lyrics. Edited by Lewis A. Rhoades. American Book Co.

Shepherd, Henry E. A Commentary Upon Tennyson's In Memoriam. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Silence: A Compound Problem Novel. Jersey City: Connoisseur's Press.

Smith, Roderick H. Proposed Platform for the American Party. Revised edition. Buffalo.

Swift's Gulliver's Travels. Written anew for children by James Baldwin. American Book Co.

Weil, A. Leo. Modern Municipal Conditions and the Lawyers' Responsibility.

Who's Who in Fiction? In Praise of Books. Dictionary of Synonyms. Who Wrote That? Dutton.

Winter, William. The Life and Writings of William Law Symons. Privately Printed.

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